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# THE PULLMAN CAR DETECTIVE

BY MAJOR HENRY CULVER.



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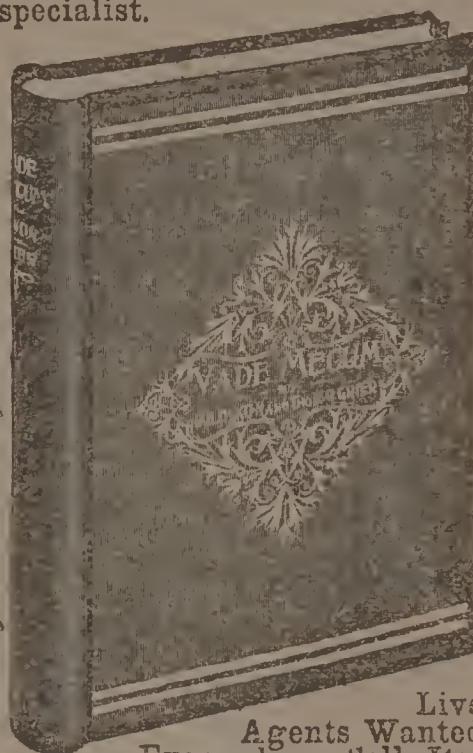
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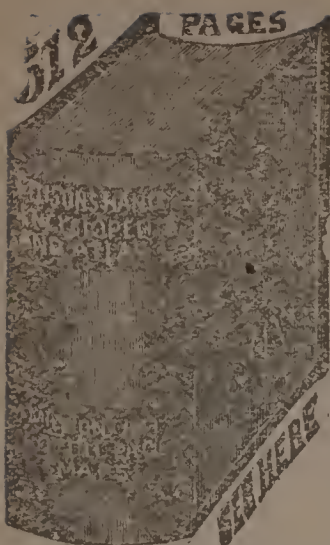
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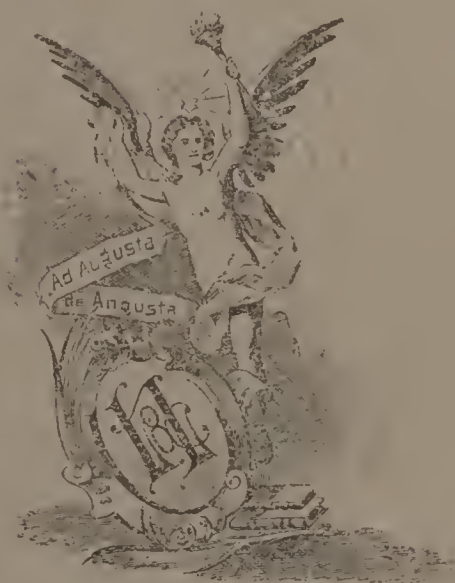
# THE PULLMAN CAR DETECTIVE

BY

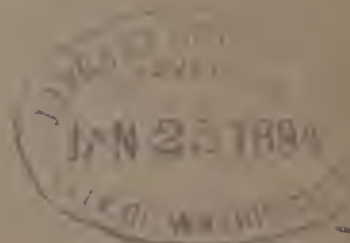
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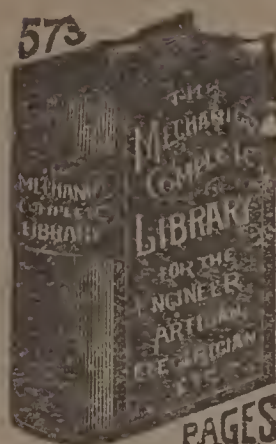


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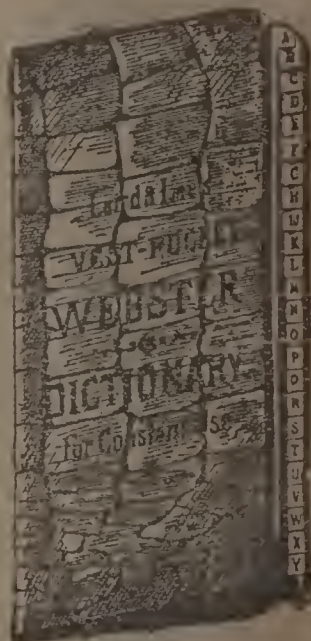
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# THE PULLMAN CAR DETECTIVE

## THE PALACE CAR ROBBERY

### CHAPTER I

As a detective of the Pullman Palace Car Company for many years, inspecting and reporting to them the character of service rendered by their conductors and porters to the passengers who travel in their gilt-edge Palace Cars, I became acquainted with many distinguished travelers among whom were Governors, Ex-Governors, United States Senators, Bonanza Kings and Millionaires.

While on these tours of investigation I always retained the height of style and fashion so as to throw off suspicion and hide my identity, that I might not be dropped to as an inspector.

My usual mode of procedure was to reach the depot just as the train was leaving and appear in a great rush to get on board. This was my excuse for not buying a ticket at the office for my

Pullman car accommodation; and I would pay cash to the conductor in order to test his honesty.

A report of each trip was made by the conductor as well as by myself, and when each report reached the Pullman office, they were compared, inspected and criticized. Each report would state what berths were occupied during the night and what sections during the day.

The work was so carefully conducted that I feel safe in saying that never during my long connection with the Pullman Palace Car Company was my identity discovered by either conductor or porter. Very often I would be given a run of a week or ten days at a time, in order to somewhere on some distant railroad meet and test a conductor, whom the company were suspecting of stealing cash fares.

During this tour of inspection I would ride with a new conductor every day until finally I would drop in with the suspected man whom I was sent to test.

I was seldom informed by the company who the suspected conductor was, so I always paid cash for my palace car accommodation, instead of buying a ticket.

Not many days would pass, however, before my eyes would be opened and I would find myself

traveling with a conductor whose actions attracted my suspicion. This was my man. There was something about him that would tell me he would bear watching and to get a "check" on his car I was sent on this thousand mile journey.

To many operatives the honesty or dishonesty of a man can almost be determined at sight. There is something in the expression of the eyes and actions of many men that reveals their true character, and no one is watching for those traits more closely than the lynx-eyed detective.

Besides reporting the number of berths occupied I commenced to notice that conductors and porters were sleeping on duty, and many times I would awake from my sleep at two or three o'clock in the morning and press the button that would ring the electric bell without getting an answer from any of the crew, and in going to the toilet would find them asleep in the smoking room.

I would find the cars left exposed in this way for several hours at a time during the night, with trains stopping and starting and nothing to prevent dangerous characters from entering the car, rifling the valises and clothing, and carrying off loads of valuables without the least fear of detection from the sleeping passengers.

The conductors and porters were severely ar-

raigned in my report to the company of this neglect of duty on their night runs, to see, if possible if I could not improve this much needed protection to the traveling public.

I would often arise from my berth during the night or early morning, dress myself, and leave the car, without being seen by the night watch. I would then wait at the same station for the next vestibule train and see if I could get into its sleeping cars without being observed.

This line of observation was not followed long before I proved to my full satisfaction that it would be an easy matter to relieve the passengers of any or all of their valuables during the night.

It was while endeavoring to emphasize this neglect of duty to the Pullman Company regarding the employes of their sleeping cars, that one day I was summoned to the Chief Inspector's office and informed that a daring robbery had been committed about daylight that morning, near Fort Wayne, from a passenger on the palace car "Mermaid," and that he also informed them he would hold the company responsible for his loss, which he estimated at five thousand dollars.

I was requested to proceed to Fort Wayne, and after a careful examination of all the facts to report to the company at once.

To accomplish this I must see the conductor and porter who had charge of the "Mermaid" that night. I therefore wired a message to train master Wallace, of Harrisburg, to cut out the Palace Car "Mermaid" of the Pennsylvania limited, from Chicago, due there at 11 A. M. and return it with Conductor Joe. Pearson, to Fort Wayne, at the earliest possible moment.

I also despatched a message requesting Carlyle Manning, the passenger who was robbed, to meet me at the Brevoort House in that city upon the arrival of train No. 3 from Chicago, which would arrive there at 1:30 in the afternoon.

## CHAPTER II.

Carlyle Manning had for a number of years been a traveling salesman, for the well-known jewelry firm of Tiffany & Co. of New York. He handled all classes of the precious metals, and his broad and extended views of the relative values of gold and silver made him an acceptable companion in the lobbies of Chicago's popular Hotels.

Mr. Manning's opinion was as eagerly sought for by the bankers of Lincoln, as by the silver kings of Denver, when these meetings occurred. His extended knowledge of the amount of gold and silver used and consumed by the jewelry trade both in this country and Europe, was of great value to the free silver advocates of ten states in the far West.

The same indomitable genius which like Franklin's snapped the lightning from the thunder clouds and like Edison's made it subservient to our will, was still working its destiny on the mineral belt of the great western mountains, demanding its vast storehouses, to deliver forth its boundless treasures.

Many of the men who gathered around Mr. Man-

ning were financiers and mine operators, who twenty-five years before might have been seen crossing the trackless prairie in search of the new Eldorado.

Hoping to realize the dreams which in earlier years, fired their minds and stirred their hearts, they were now laboring to shape a national policy that would make the product of their mines the circulating medium of an enlightened people.

One evening just after Mr. Manning had finished a conversation with a party of his free silver friends in the lobby of the Auditorium Hotel he stepped into the railroad ticket office of that house and purchased his Pullman Car accommodation to Philadelphia.

A few moments after Mr. Manning had purchased his ticket a tall well-dressed man who registered as C. A. Dunn, M.D., also approached the ticket agent, examined the diagram of berths and purchased section 7 in the Palace car "Mermaid" for Harrisburg.

The train was to leave the Harrison Street Station at 10:30 that night for New York. Manning left the Auditorium in a cab unaccompanied save by two valises. On reaching the train he was shown by the porter to section 8 which was already made down, and considering the lateness of the

hour the fatigued traveler decided to retire at once.

No particular attention was paid to section 7 as it was made down and the curtains drawn aside at the bottom forming a V shape showing it was still unoccupied.

About 11:30 a man came into the car unobserved from the forward part of the train and drawing the curtains closely together hid himself for the night from the other occupants of the car. Before he reached his berth, however, all the passengers had retired and the lights were turned down; he was interrupted for a moment only by the conductor who asked him for his ticket, which request he promptly granted without revealing his personality.

For the security of all valuables carried by passengers in the Pullman cars, that company offers every security within their power through their intelligent and courteous Conductors and ever watchful Porters. But no guarantee against loss is ever assumed to any passenger by that company, because of the constant and extensive business carried on from day to day, with strangers of every character in their cars now running on the railroads extending to the Cape of Good Hope, up into the interior of Africa and crossing the continents of Europe and Australia, from the straits of Dover almost to Egypt.

The Pullman company have fifteen thousand employes of whom eight thousand or nine thousand are mechanics and mechanical operatives. They serve four million five hundred thousand meals over the land, between the St. Lawrence and the Gulf, and every one of these meals has to have a voucher in their office and for ever passenger carried a receipt must be placed on file. They have built over four hundred cars for the World's Fair alone at a cost of five million five hundred thousand dollars, and own between twenty-two and twenty-three hundred palace cars and carry more than five million passengers every year; their mileage in this country is five times the circumference of the globe.

Beside they are general car builders and manufacture ten million dollars worth of cars yearly. When the car shops of Pullman start work in the morning, so complete is their system, that every ten minutes during the day a new car of some character is rolled out of their yards.

At the town of Pullman outside of Chicago, they pay three million dollars a year in wages, and their savings bank has over five hundred thousand dollars on deposit. They built for the Reading railroad alone last year fourteen thousand cars, and are receiving at the first of every month seventy one thousand dollars on account, and thus far

have been paid three million dollars or about three eighths of the total equipment of the road. The Pullman company holds a mortgage for the remaining five millions on the property.

George M. Pullman came near selling this entire business twenty-five years ago, for two hundred thousand dollars which is capitalized to-day for sixty millions held by thirty-three hundred stockholders, over half of whom are women.

The World's Fair is a remarkable piece of labor done on the level prairie, where lakes have been made within the inclosure, but the feasibility of this was shown when the town of Pullman was built upon thirty-five hundred acres of ground, and took the bleak prairie and gave it a water front, dockage, drainage, and utilized its sewerage. The town is just as far from the World's Fair as is the Chicago river, and will yet be worth all the capital stock of the company.

I doubt if mankind, would have thought of bringing the World's Fair as far west as Chicago, if these flying palaces had not shortened distance by making travel agreeable and pictorial, and introduced the center of this continent to the European world.

But this is a digression, we must return to our narrative.

### CHAPTER III.

Carlyle Manning had entered the palace car "Mermaid" with two valises in which he carried five thousand dollars worth of diamonds, and secreted them in his berth at his own risk. Conductor Pearson and his porter accorded to him every courtesy, that the agents of this great company are instructed to give to each individual passenger. He did not, however, inform them of the valuable contents of his baggage.

Responding to my telegram sent from Chicago, Mr. Manning was waiting my arrival at the Brevoort House in Fort Wayne, when I reached that city.

We at once repaired to his apartments in the hotel, where with great pleasure he made me as comfortable as possible after my three hour's ride. Of course he was much embarrassed by the awkward position in which he was placed, and after assuring him of my sympathy and regret for the great loss which had befallen him, I came to the point at once.

"In the first place, Mr. Manning," I asked, "was there any possibility of your being robbed before you entered the car in Chicago last night?"

"None whatever," firmly shaking his head to emphasize his reply.

"You certainly are aware," I continued, "this must be the starting point of our investigation."

"Most assuredly," he answered with a dignified gesture of approval.

"What proof can you furnish, may I ask?"

"The cab man with whom I rode to the depot and the porter who carried my valises into the car."

"Did these two valises contain all the valuables you claim to have been stolen?"

"Yes."

"Wasn't five thousand dollars worth of valuables a large amount to carry with you in a sleeping car?" I inquired with a look of surprise.

"No sir," he answered, "there was nothing about my valises to attract attention, and had the conductor and porter been attending to their duty this robbery could not have been successful."

"And do you mean to say that the crew neglected their duty, Mr. Manning?" I asked.

"There can be no doubt of it," he continued with much feeling, "for when I pressed the electric button to call the porter at four o'clock, I got no response and after several ineffectual attempts to arouse some one I made my way to the smoking

room, the car being quite dark at that time, and found the porter asleep on the sofa."

"And did you awake him?"

"Yes sir, I did."

"Did you see anything of the conductor?"

"I did not, I was informed by that gentleman that he retired at the regular hour, three o'clock, having first called the porter and as he supposed left him on watch before going to bed."

"Had you discovered the robbery when you went in search of the porter?"

"No sir, I had not. I was cold and simply wanted more clothing on my bed."

My bluff and pertinent questions to Mr. Manning, was as much for the purpose of drawing out his character, as for the information he was to impart. It did not require much time for me to determine, however, that he was a man of superior intelligence and although somewhat bewildered by the calamity so suddenly thrust upon him, I saw the man was perfectly in earnest, and his story of the robbery showed no conflicting elements.

"Mr. Manning, whom do you suspect of this robbery?"

He shook his head and finally said: "Well, I have been wandering through the labyrinths of doubt all day, first to one and then to another, but am unable to fix my suspicion on any one."

"Did any one leave the car during the night?"

"No one got on or off the car, and what makes this robbery such a mystery is that the conductor and porter are willing to swear that the car was locked at both ends, and that no one came in or out during the time I was asleep, and yet my valises were nowhere to be found this morning."

"Well then," said I, "there can be but one way to reason this out. You must have been robbed by some one inside the car, and that person must have had a confederate on the outside to whom he handed your valises, if not through the door then through the window, and if so it was planned and premeditated in Chicago."

"Were you acquainted with any of the passengers who rode with you in the car last night?"

"No, I never saw any of them before this morning."

"How many passengers were there in the car?"

"Fifteen beside myself—eleven male and five female."

"Now, Mr. Manning, some of the passengers in this car must have robbed you, if both doors were locked. Some of them must have seen you before last night. Can't you refresh your memory so as to give us some evidence to work on?"

He seemed to arouse himself from his gloomy

reverie, but strange to say, could in no way offer a suggestion, from which we could secure a clew, and so I decided that we must turn our attention to some other source, if we were to make any progress.

I at once left Mr. Manning's room and went down stairs to the hotel office, and going to the telephone, rang up the depot ticket office and was informed by Mr. Upham, the ticket agent of that station, that the palace car "Mermaid" had just arrived, and was switched onto a side track, awaiting my instructions.

Returning to Mr. Manning's room I informed him that the "Mermaid" with its conductor and porter was at the depot and invited him to accompany me to the car where we could interview the two men.

I found the conductor and porter awaiting our arrival when we reached the car.

I was as equally direct in my questions to the conductor as to Mr. Manning.

"Conductor Pearson," I inquired, "can you give us any information regarding this robbery?"

"None whatever," he replied with a smile. "I know nothing only what this passenger has told me, I went through my regular routine of duties last night, and at 3 o'clock, my regular hour after plac-

ing the porter on watch, retired. About an hour later I was awakened by the porter who told me that a passenger in section 8 had been robbed. I immediately examined both doors and found them locked. I then aroused the sleeping passengers and instituted a thorough search after which Mr. Manning left the train at Fort Wayne, intending to return to Chicago."

The conductor's intelligent, free and open manner impressed me favorably. He had evidently performed his duties faithfully and had nothing to fear.

"Mr. Manning received the same courteous attention that all my passengers received," continued Conductor Pearson, "and I was unaware that his valises contained such a quantity of valuables."

My attention was next directed to the porter.

"I understand you were sleeping on watch last night, George," was my first remark to the anxiously waiting porter.

"No, sah, I never slept on watch in my life," was the courteous reply of this colored man who was fast becoming white.

"Then why didn't you answer Mr. Manning's bell before he was obliged to go to the smoking room to ask you for more clothing for his bed?"

"Well, sah," began the now excited gentleman of

color, "I can tell you all about dat. As de train was leaving Valparaiso, de bell rang from de rear platform of de car and on going to de door I saw a man who wanted to get into de car. I asked him to show his ticket; he refused to do so, and I would not let him in, I went to de smoking room and he kept ringing de bell trying to scare me, so after while he stopped when I showed him he couldn't come in on dis chile.

"A little while after passenger in section 8 came to de smoking room and asked me for another blanket.

"After I got the blanket for the gentleman's bed he came after me again in a great hurry and said he'd been robbed."

"But, George, tell us more about that man on the rear platform," I inquired, "what kind of looking man was he?"

"Not very tall, short, stubby beard, slouch hat, coat up round his neck; s'pose he was trying to steal a ride."

"At what station did he get on?"

"Valparaiso, sah."

"Do you know where he got off?"

"De engine took water at Hamilton, and I did not see him after."

"Do you think you would know him if you saw him again, George?"

"Don't know, sah, but would try awful hard."

"After learning of this robbery in your car this morning, did you make any effort toward securing the identity of your passengers in case you should want them again?" I inquired of the conductor.

"Yes sir, I have the address of every passenger who rode in this car."

"At what offices were these tickets sold?"

"The diagram shows that they were all sold at the Harrison Street station, except 7 and 8 which were bought at the Auditorium Hotel."

"Then you stopped at the Auditorium, did you, Mr. Manning?"

"Yes sir, I always stop there when in Chicago."

"Did you see this man there who occupied section 7?"

"No sir, I don't think I did."

"Well, he bought his ticket there and his name on the diagram is Dunn—Dr. Dunn."

At this time the 5 o'clock train had reached Fort Wayne, for Chicago, which took the "Mermaid" in tow and landed us in that city at 8 o'clock that evening to follow the slender thread of a clw; with what success we will leave the reader to judge.

## CHAPTER IV.

Upon our arrival in Chicago, I made known to the Pullman Palace Car Company, the information I had learned at Fort Wayne, and the clews I was determined to follow. It is needless to say that all my plans met with their hearty approval, and they further instructed me to spare neither time nor expense in bringing to justice the perpetrators of this robbery.

Although not legally responsible in any way, for the loss this passenge rhad sustained by laxity and negligence on his own part, yet this company who has never known a moment of time either night or day, for thirty years, but what it has had within its care the lives and properties of thousands of our citizens, felt it would be a stigma on their reputation if this daring robbery should be allowed to go unheeded.

Among the many things we have reason to be proud of, is that we live in an age of great discoveries, all of which tend to the proud uplifting of mankind, to a plane of equals higher, nobler, and more lofty than was ever attained in any period of

ancient or modern history; and when the Macauley of future ages comes to write our history, he will not fail to chronicle the fact that one of the great motive powers which reared our greatness and hastened our civilization to such regal heights was the Pullman Palace Car.

Side by side with the name of Fulton, Newton, Morse, Franklin and Edison, will rank the name of George M. Pullman, who, from humble and obscure origin, prompted with a brilliant and inventive intellect has seen gilded palaces carrying his name before the Kings and Princes of every land, bringing together in one common family the prince and the peasant, the pilgrim and traveler of every clime, until the burden of travel is so lightened that we are no longer care-worn foreigners and strangers, but of that common brotherhood, of which the philosopher taught, and the poet sang.

No other institution, save perhaps the United States Government, spends more money for secret service in guarding the rights of the traveling public than the Pullman Palace Car Company, until it has become useless for dishonesty in any form to show itself in their service, without meeting with prompt and certain detection.

On the morning after our arrival in Chicago, experienced detectives were placed under my in-

struction for the purpose of following up and capturing these thieves.

Upon going to the Auditorium for the purpose of further consultation with Mr. Manning, to ascertain what cities he had visited during the past few weeks, I first took occasion to look over the register of that Hotel, to see if I could find the name of such a guest as Dr. Dunn, and, much to my delight found the name of C. A. Dunn, M. D. Salt Lake City, Utah.

I found Mr. Manning in his apartments at the Auditorium, feeling much refreshed after a good night's sleep. His greeting was very cordial which indicated to me that he was placing the most unlimited confidence in our ability to secure for him his lost property.

I began by cautioning him not to be too sanguine of our success from the plans which I had related to him the night before, for the reason that our clues might vanish into thin air as soon as we began to test them, only to find ourselves groping in the dark with not a shadow to guide us.

My caution seemed to avail not and when I saw this man who could not himself give us a clue forcing his confidence in our ability upon us, I felt like weakening under the responsibility.

"We feel very grateful to you, Mr. Manning,

for your generous opinion regarding our future success, but I will assure you that far more serious thoughts claim our attention this morning. You omitted telling me in your conversation yesterday what cities you had visited before coming to Chicago."

"I left 'Frisco on the 10th of last month," was the reply, "and, after spending three days in Portland, I reached Ogden on the 15th, and came down to Salt Lake the following day.

"At Salt Lake I was laid up at the Nutsford with an attack of the grip for ten days. This delayed me in reaching New York one week, and so instead of stopping off at Denver, Lincoln, Omaha and Kansas City, I skipped direct from Salt Lake to Chicago."

"What doctor attended you at Salt Lake while you were sick with the grip?"

"Dr. Scott, a bright little chap who had just settled there from Ohio."

"How did you come to engage Dr. Scott?"

"There was a man sick with the grip in the room adjoining mine whom the doctor was attending, and I requested the bell boy to have the physician call at my room when he visited his other patient."

"How long were you under the doctor's care?"

"Eight days, I believe."

"Did you have a nurse?"

"Yes, a man who had at one time been a doctor in some mountain town, but becoming reduced in circumstances, was obliged to abandon his profession and is now making a living in Salt Lake as a nurse."

"What was his name?"

"Dr. Ledger Wood."

"Did either of these men know the value of the samples of jewelry you had in your valises?"

"Yes, I think they did, for when the doctor informed me that I was likely to be sick for several weeks, I had him take my valises to the office and see they were locked in the safe."

This information was enough to convince me that I would be justified in sending an experienced detective to Salt Lake. I therefore chose for that purpose Mr. Augustus Bell, a man who I knew could be implicitly trusted to furnish me with reliable information regarding Dr. Scott and this nurse, Ledger Wood.

I also placed another operative, Mr. John Delaney at Valparaiso with instructions to visit all the adjoining towns between that city and Fort Wayne, and ascertain if a man answering the description given by the porter and who attempted to force his way into the car on the morning when this robbery took place, was known in that vicinity.

## CHAPTER V.

Upon Bell's arrival in Salt Lake, he was driven to the Nutsford Hotel and asked if he could be given room 85 which favor was kindly granted to him by the suave and polished clerk.

The following morning Bell rang for the porter and asked him to get him a physician as he was not feeling well.

"Have you any preference in physicians?" asked the porter.

"What physician prescribes most for the guests of your house?"

"Dr. Scott lives here in the house and being a good physician we recommend him to all our guests."

"Just ask him if he will call here before going out this morning," said Bell.

In a short time there was a rap at Bell's door, and a man carrying a medicine chest walked in whom Bell saluted with "Good morning, Doctor."

Dr. Scott always considers a smiling face part of his profession, and in a genial, humorous mood,

soon ingratiated himself into the mind of his new patient.

"The water in this country, Doctor, is playing havoc with my system," was the first intimation that the doctor received from the sick man.

"Yes," returned the pleasant doctor, "that is quite a common occurrence with strangers who visit our city."

"Then you are called upon to prescribe for traveling men occasionally, are you, Doctor?"

"O, quite frequently; it was only last week that I was attending a man sick in this room with the grip."

"Indeed Doctor; well, do my symptoms indicate anything of the kind?"

"No, I think not," replied the genial physician.

"How long was your patient sick in this room?"

"Something like two weeks."

"And did he have to remain shut up in this room for two weeks?"

"Yes sir, that was one of my prescriptions," laughingly replied the doctor. "But I got good company for him; he wanted some one stay in the room all the time with him, so I was acquainted with a jovial fellow here in the city and introduced him to the patient, and I never saw two men get so interested in each other's company."

"Why can't you get this man for me, Doctor? I need a jovial companion as much as your other patient did."

"I can if he is in the city."

"Do you know where he lives?"

"On 2nd, South Temple, I think."

The sick man now pressed the electric button which summons was soon answered by a bell boy.

"I want you to do an errand for me and go with Doctor Scott to 2nd, South Temple, and see if you can get that man who nursed the patient sick with the grip in this room last week. The doctor will direct you where to go and then by inquiring you can find the place easy enough," and at the same time Bell dropped a silver half dollar into the boy's hand.

It was remarkable how clear and perceptible the boy's mind became as soon as he received the half dollar.

"Oh, never mind, Doctor, you needn't go, I know where he lives, only what name will I enquire for?"

"Ledger Wood; here, I will write it down for you so you won't forget it." Bell at the same time wrote the name on a slip of paper and was in the act of handing it to the boy when that now agile messenger took the name from Doctor Scott and left the room like a flash.

After the exchange of a few more pleasantries between the sick man and his physician the doctor left the room, saying he would drop in again after dinner and see that his wants were supplied.

"That's right," thought Bell to himself, with a smile, after the doctor had closed the door. "I'm a very sick man by the way."

In the course of an hour the bell boy returned and informed my operative that Wood was not at his boarding place on 2nd South Temple street and the landlady informed him that he had not been there for several days.

Bell appeared greatly disappointed at this news and, giving another half dollar to the boy, asked him to go back and inquire of the landlady when she expected Wood or where a letter would reach him.

About 11 o'clock the boy returned with scarcely any additional information, only adding that Mrs. Brigham, Wood's landlady, did not know where he had gone or when he would return and, as he had taken all his things away, she did not expect a letter from him.

Bell then dismissed the boy and telegraphed to me at Chicago what information he had received.

Early in the afternoon Doctor Scott paid a second visit to Bell's room and found the patient mentally distressed from loneliness as he expressed

it: "Why Doctor," said Bell, "I have sent that boy a second time after Mr. Wood and his landlady informed him each time that he had left the city and could not say when he would return."

"Well, that is news to me," said the doctor.

"Do you think he will be away long, Doctor?"

"I have not the slightest idea."

"Does he make Salt Lake his home?"

"No, he is an eastern man, so he informed me, and his parents reside in Lynn, Mass., near Boston. He is a graduate of Harvard and has been traveling for some months in the west for the purpose of seeing the country. He called at my office a few weeks ago and informed me he contemplated returning home and studying medicine at the Boston Medical College.

"Well, there's where he has gone," remarked Bell as a feeler.

"No, it can't be possible that he would leave the city without coming to see me."

"But probably he intends to write to you, Doctor."

Although a little surprised, the doctor dismissed the matter without further comment and took his leave of my operative, promising to call the next day.

The cool and wily detective again wired me a

ciphered despatch and gave full details of what he had learned from the man who carried the medicine chest.

Upon receipt of which I telegraphed to the trustees of Harvard College inquiring if a person named Ledger Wood from Lynn, Mass, had ever attended that college.

I also wired a second despatch to the chief of police of Lynn, inquiring if such a man as Ledger Wood belonged in that city. The authorities at Harvard promptly informed me that the surname of Wood appeared frequently among their list of students, but that of "Ledger Wood" was no where to be found.

From chief of police, Bartlett, of Lynn, I was informed that Ledger Wood had formerly resided in that city with his parents, but had left there something over a year ago and was generally supposed to be somewhere in the west, although his parents had not heard from him for some months.

I now determined upon receipt of this information to transfer Bell from Salt Lake, and send Ed. Foley another of my trusty operatives to board for a few months with Mrs. Brigham at Salt Lake. Upon Foley's arrival in that city he at once engaged accommodations with Wood's former landlady and represented himself as an eastern gentle-

man who was traveling for his health and would remain in Salt Lake for some weeks to be near the hot sulphur springs so popular in that city.

The second day after his arrival he called on Doctor Scott for medical treatment, informing the genial doctor that he was an eastern man traveling in the west in search of health. He talked fluently with the doctor regarding Boston, his native city, its famous schools and universities and would occasionally refer to the great shoe town of Lynn.

The conversation had not progressed far before the doctor inquired of Foley if he was acquainted with a young man in that city by the name of Ledger Wood.

"I knew him well before he went west," was operative Foley's laconic reply.

"He was here in Salt Lake until a few days ago," resumed the doctor.

"I want to know," replied Foley. "I would only have been too glad to have seen him. Do you know where he has gone?"

"I do not, but expect to hear from him by every mail."

"In case you do will you tell him that there is an old schoolmate of his who has come on from Boston, and would be glad to see him."

"Sure," was the doctor's reply.

Foley then visited all the depots and express offices to ascertain what baggage had been shipped East over the Rio Grande, Western, and Union Pacific, on or about the 28th of the previous month. But after a close inquiry the detective was satisfied that Mrs. Brigham's boarder had no baggage checked on the day of his departure.

## CHAPTER VI.

While we were diligently engrossed in our investigation at Salt Lake we received a report from operative John Delaney, in whose hands we entrusted the operations at Valparaiso, which promised to be of great importance.

Operative Delaney informed us that a man answering the name of Cy Winkler had been loitering about the railroad station at that place at unseasonable hours every night for something like a week before the robbery occurred and since that time nothing had been seen of him.

The man was described as of medium height, short, stubby beard, with black coat and derby hat, and what excited the most suspicion was that he was rarely seen during the day, and when at the depot seemed to have complete knowledge of the arrival and departure of all trains.

It was noticed by the depot master at Valparaiso that he was at the depot the night of the robbery but was not seen there after the train had departed which justified the belief that he had secreted himself somewhere on the train.

Delaney made diligent inquiries to find out where this man lived while in town, but after every hotel and boarding house in the place had been visited, the detective came to the conclusion that he had not stopped in Valparaiso.

It was evident that my operative had discovered important information, and it was also evident that if this man was the real criminal we were after he was of that cunning, wily character, that was likely to defy our most desperate efforts, after perhaps a long and fruitless pursuit, for nothing could prevent him from shaving off his stubby beard, dressing himself in the finest, traveling and mixing with the world without the slightest fear of detection.

My instructions to Delaney were to the effect that he could not be far behind Winkler and to bend all his efforts towards locating him, and to follow no other clew. I also instructed him to visit all depots along the route, and have the night watch instructed to scrutinize every man who boarded trains during their hours of duty, and if anything of a suspicious character was discovered to have the matter reported to the railroad officials at once.

Eugene Harrington, another trusty operative, was also despatched to Fort Wayne, to watch the Nickel Plate Depot at that city, and to place all trains entering and departing from that end of the town under the strictest surveillance.

That night after Delaney saw Harrington located at Fort Wayne, he left the city at about 8 o'clock on an accommodation train and stopped off at Valparaiso about 9:30. After the train pulled out of the depot and everything became quiet, Delaney walked up and down the track, keeping a close watch on the depot and its surroundings.

Sometime after 10 o'clock a team drove up to the depot and after backing up to the platform began loading sacks and boxes of groceries. Delaney, who was on the alert to know what parties frequented this station at such a late hour, advanced toward the platform and finding some pretext engaged the man in conversation.

In the course of their talk the detective learned that the teamster was the proprietor of a small country store at a village called White Hall, some eight miles from the railroad and had come to town, as he called Valparaiso, to draw home his stock of groceries after his days work.

"How large a village is White Hall?" inquired Manning.

"Twenty houses, perhaps," was the grocer's reply, "and about one hundred people."

"Are you pretty well acquainted in the surrounding country?"

"Well, I was brought up there; I ought to be."

"Do you know a man by the name of Cy Winkler anywhere in that neighborhood?"

"I know who you mean, but that is not his right name; you mean Frank Fletcher."

"I mean a man of medium height, short, stubby beard, wears a black coat and derby hat," answered Delaney.

"Yes, that is the man; he rode in with me from School House Four Corners, one night about a week ago," returned the grocer.

"Did he ride back with you?"

"No, I told him I would have a load back and would not be able to carry him; I suppose he walked back."

"What is his business?" inquired the detective.

"Nothing just now, I guess; he was a traveling salesman for a Chicago House for several years when I used to buy groceries of him, but he stopped working for them about a month ago, and he told me the other night that he didn't care whether he done any work for the next few months or not."

"Is he a man of steady habits?"

"Not as much as he might be, I guess," grinned the grocer. "As I understand from other drummers that was the reason the house let him go."

"What house did he travel for?" inquired Delaney.

"Seman & Benedict, wholesale grocers, Lake Street, Chicago."

"How does he come to be in White Hall, is his home out that way?"

"No, sir, no home there that I know of, but simply 'roughing it alone' as he calls it."

"Have you seen him in the last three or four days?"

"No, I don't think I have."

"Do you know where a letter would reach him?"

"I think his family lives in Burlington, Iowa, but whether he lives with his family or not, I don't know."

The grocer had evidently talked as long as he cared to, considering the lateness of the hour, so mounting his seat and bidding our wily detective good night, drove away.

Delaney, believing that he had secured valuable information, came to Chicago on an early morning train and gave me a complete and detailed account of what he had learned the previous night.

After listening to Delaney's report I went directly to the office of Seman & Benedict, on Lake Street, and inquired if they had a drummer in their employ by the name of Frank Fletcher.

I was informed by the firm that Fletcher had got through traveling for the house about a month previous, leaving his accounts largely overdrawn.

In the course of the interview I was told that during the last year Fletcher had gone from gambling to dissipation, and had collected money from customers whom he sold to on the road without rendering a satisfactory account, and it had become a question with the house whether they should discharge Fletcher or lose their customers.

I was also informed that Fletcher was not a domestic man, and although married to a beautiful and accomplished wife had not lived with her for some months.

"Do you know where I could find him in case I wanted to see him on a matter of business?"

"He has always made his home in Burlington, Iowa, but, am not sure where you could find him, as I believe he has not lived with his family for some time and we have heard nothing of his whereabouts since he left the firm."

Feeling very thankful for the meager information I had received from the Messrs. Seman & Benedict I returned to my hotel and, after arranging new plans, Delaney returned at once to the scene of his labors at Valparaiso, until we could hear something of interest from Fletcher's home in Burlington.

## CHAPTER VII.

It was a beautiful summer morning in the month of June when Detective Dilloway reached Burlington, Iowa, just four days after the robbery of Carlyle Manning, in the Palace Car "Mermaid" near Valparaiso, Indiana.

After partaking of a hearty breakfast in the dining-room of the St. Cloud Hotel, Mr. Dilloway inquired of the clerk of the house if Frank Fletcher was stopping there.

"Do you mean the traveling man for Seman & Benedict of Chicago?"

"Yes, sir," said Dilloway with a feeling of satisfaction at meeting another of Fletcher's acquaintances.

"Oh, no sir, his home is in this city and he sometimes calls here to see the boys, but has never been a guest of the house in my time."

"Have you seen him within the last week?"

"No, I haven't seen Frank in a month."

"Well, I have a letter for him from a friend of his, and I would like to see him if he is in the city."

"Your best plan would be to see his wife who lives with her brother, Henry Alden, and she can probably give you the desired information."

"Where is Mr. Alden's home?"

"Vineyard Avenue, at the corner of High Street."

"Oh, thanks," replied Mr. Dilloway in his suave and polished style, "I must try and see Mrs. Fletcher," and leaving the hotel made his way toward Vineyard Avenue.

Upon reaching the corner of High Street, Dilloway found himself in front of a large frame dwelling house ornamented with many of the architectural touches of modern construction.

"What a beautiful home," thought Dilloway. With its spacious surrounding of shade trees and flowers, just below which rolled the great Father of Waters, carrying the mind back over countless ages when that now beautiful land was once the home and hunting ground of the primitive children of the forest.

Opening the gate and entering the yard the detective was saluted with a "good morning" by a middle aged gentleman who was arranging some flower beds in the front yard.

"Can you tell me where I could see Mr. Frank Fletcher?" asked my operative in a sort of a hale fellow well met way, that would not be apt to attract suspicion.

"No sir, I cannot," was the stern reply of the man from whose face had now flown all traces of an interesting smile.

"Well, I am traveling for a Chicago house," said Dilloway. While watching every expression on the man's face to whom he was talking. "And one of Frank's friends asked me if I would call this morning and discharge a little errand for him."

"His wife is in the house, she might know, but I don't know nor don't want to," replied the gardener with a look of stern resentfulness in his face.

"Why," replied Dilloway with a seeming look of surprise. "I thought he lived here."

"No sir, his wife is my sister, she lives here because I brought her here after he had abandoned her and refused to live with her."

"Oh," said the detective with a look of embarrassment, "that is something I did not know anything about, I simply called here to discharge an errand for a friend the same as I would be pleased to have any one do for me."

"That's all right," said the man in an apologizing tone, "just step into the house; his wife is there, she will tell you all she knows about him."

With a gesture of assent Dilloway walked up to the front door, rang the bell, and in a few moments a pleasant-faced lady appeared at the door; inquir-

ing if he could see Mrs. Fletcher and being informed in the affirmative he was invited into the parlor to await her coming.

After a few moments a tall, dark complexioned young woman entered the room, and with a severe and inquiring gaze akin to doubt and suspicion, nodded more at space than at my operative and asked, "Do you want to see me?"

"I simply want to discharge an errand to your husband for a friend of his in Chicago, and would like to inquire where I could see him."

The stern expression of the woman now gave way to a feeling of relaxed indifference; she said she thought he was in Philadelphia to which city he went some ten days ago on business, and contrary to his regular custom had not written to her.

Dilloway expressed much regret at not being able to deliver his message which he believed was of important moment to Mr. Fletcher.

This solicitude only served to arouse the curiosity of Mrs. Fletcher who inquired, "What is the character of your errand to my husband?"

"I suppose the house in which my friend is employed has a situation to offer him, and he understands that he doesn't care to work any longer for his present employers."

"Well, if you will leave your friends message with

me, I will send it to my husband as soon as I hear from him."

"I would not like to do that, but I will leave the address of my friend with you, and if your husband will write him or call upon him," replied my fertile operative, "he might learn of something to his interest."

Here the detective took out his note book and wrote the name of Charles F. Blake, P. O. Box 2107, Chicago, which was the number of the box at which I was receiving my mail in connection with my investigation of this case.

Dilloway never expected that this address would be used, but simply gave it to Mrs. Fletcher to allay suspicion of a serious nature. It was remarkable, however, to see what interest this woman took in anything that was likely to be for the welfare of the man who had abandoned her.

Officers of the law have known cases in their experience when fathers, actuated by what they considered the highest motives, have delivered up their sons to the law, and, though the ordeal was an exceedingly trying and distressing one, they never faltered for a moment in what they considered the performance of their duty. I need not say that such evidence of self-sacrifice was painful to me, and that my feelings were always deeply touched

by the mental sufferings of the poor criminals, who in the hour of their sorest need, found themselves deserted by the only friends upon whom they believed they could rely in an emergency which threatened disgrace and servitude.

While this is true it is equally certain that I have yet to record a single case in which a female relative ever assisted in any manner toward the apprehension of a criminal. No power seemed able to force from her a word that would tend to work him injury, and though her heart was breaking, and her love for the lost one had passed away, yet with a persistence worthy of all admiration, she refused to do aught that would add to the misery of the fallen one; and, if occasion offered, invariably rendered her assistance to secure his escape.

"I may hear from him in a day or two," she remarked, as Dilloway was leaving the house. "And as soon as I do, I will send him this address of your friend."

## CHAPTER VIII.

Upon leaving Mrs. Fletcher's home, Dilloway did so with the belief that the abandoned wife knew nothing of her husband's whereabouts, and so felt justified in making inquiries as to Fletcher's other relatives. In doing so, he learned that Fletcher's home was near Keokuk, a river town about fifty miles south from Burlington.

As no further advantage was likely to be gained by Dilloway's remaining in Burlington, I instructed him to at once proceed to Keokuk, and make diligent inquiries regarding the relatives of Fletcher in that city and ascertain if possible if any of his family were in communication with him.

My operative had no trouble in getting abundant information of Fletcher's former life. His father was a hard working, thrifty farmer, who had saved an honorable competence and used it for the best interest of his family.

He had reason to enjoy a legitimate pride, for to him life had not been a failure. He had joined the tide of emigration, that had set its face westward from the middle states thirty years before,

and finding employment on the boats that plied up and down the Mississippi, between the new settlements or landings, had saved from his scanty earnings enough to erect a comfortable farmhouse in which he raised and educated his family. During the palmy days of navigation on the river Mr. Fletcher had divided his time between the farm and the water, and by his business tact and strict economy had secured for himself a desirable home.

His oldest son Frank early became tired of the drudging life of a farmer, and through the influence of friends secured a position in the office of a starch manufacturer in Keokuk, which place he occupied with much credit to himself for several years, and when the firm established an office in Chicago, he was transferred to that city as its bookkeeper.

Previous to his departure from Keokuk, however, he became enamored and engaged to the beautiful Helen Alden of Burlington, and soon after he located in Chicago, the happy couple were married with every prospect of future success. Their apartments on Michigan Avenue enjoyed the most delightful location in the city, and had Frank Fletcher possessed thrift and economy he might have become one of Chicago's most prosperous citizens.

But idle to say, the race course, the stock exchange and scores of other wild fantastic dreams fired his mind into passions over which he had lost all control. This destroying passion to become suddenly rich prompted him to grasp at every straw within his reach. The influence and confidence of his friends were sacrificed, their credit and indorsement sought, the money of the firm used, all in a wild desire to make himself independent.

Any one of ordinary intelligence could see that this course of reckless speculation was doomed to a short existence and in the end, would bring down the man to the folly he was inviting.

As is very often the case these passions drive from the heart, all the finer feelings of human nature, and in this case it was no exception. Fletcher forgot the noble instincts which was the inheritance of his early life. And the advantages which he had secured over a less fortunate schoolmate were lost sight of.

He lost all interest in his firm's welfare, and staked his hopes of future success in the most certain of failures—the gambling table.

But why waste time telling the same old story of the rise, success, downfall and ruin, of those who were once the lofty temples in which were treasured our cherished hopes.

My operative, Dilloway, reached Keokuk from Burlington unobserved on an evening train, and going to the Eagle House at that city was assigned to a room and at once retired for the night.

Early the next morning the detective came down stairs and loitered about the waiting-room before any of the rest of the house was astir. His excuse to the clerk of the house for getting around so early was that he contemplated going out a few miles in the country to see an old friend of his, Frank Fletcher, for the purpose of securing his services as a salesman for a wholesale house in Peoria.

"Do you know is Frank at home?" inquired the detective.

"The last time I saw Fletcher was about three weeks ago."

"How far does his father live from the city?"

"Two miles and a half on the old turnpike road," was the courteous response.

From inquiries at the railroad station after breakfast, the detective was informed that Fletcher must have left town by some other conveyance than the railroad on his last visit to Keokuk, as the agent did not remember having sold him a ticket and the conductor said that he had not rode in his train for a month.

Dilloway was also informed that on Fletcher's last visit to Keokuk his appearance was of a decidedly changed character, he seemed to have no desire to cultivate the friendship of any of his old acquaintances, and acted as if he keenly felt the loss of prestige which a lucrative position had always secured for him.

About nine o'clock Dilloway started out to pay a visit to the farmhouse of John Fletcher. After a pleasant drive of two miles and a half along an elevated embankment from which he could see on one side the mighty waters of the Mississippi roll, and on the other vast fields of wheat and corn, rolling prairies, herds of cattle and horses and many beautiful farmhouses until the eye could drink without fatigue the majestic outlines of the surrounding country and the midsummer glories of a great, free, and prosperous people.

Within a short distance of the house he was about to visit, my operative informed the driver that he was a great lover of trout fishing and was going to search the adjacent streams for the speckled beauties and, paying him for his services, the liveryman returned toward the city leaving the detective to find his way alone for the rest of the journey.

Advancing a short distance further Dilloway came to a large old-fashioned farmhouse, which although

the worse for age, had all the appearance of frugality, thrift and happiness. There were to be seen in all directions around it signs and tokens of care and attention, arbors, flowers, shade trees, vines foliage and a hundred other things that go to make up an ideal western home.

Upon the spacious piazza of his farmhouse, Dilloway found Mr. John Fletcher, or "Uncle John" as he was familiarly known. He was of that frank, whole-souled, disposition which made his acquaintance desirable and agreeable.

"Could I see Mr. Fletcher?" was the detective's first question.

"Yes, sir, that is my name," replied the sun-burned landlord.

"Well, I live in Burlington, and as I was coming down this way, your son's wife, who is stopping at her brother's house in that city, asked me to take a message for her to her husband—your son Frank—whom she said was stopping here."

"My son has not been here in a month, and I suppose he is traveling for his house in Chicago."

It was evident that Mr. Fletcher had not heard of his son's dismissal from that position.

"Frank has not been working in Chicago for several weeks," said Dilloway, "and my object in calling here is for the purpose of hiring him to travel for us."

"What business is your house engaged in?"

"Wholesale grocers," and taking from his pocket a finely printed card of Gilbert & Co., of Chicago, presented it to Mr. Fletcher as the business card of his firm.

Mr. Fletcher seemed to be in a quandary, and as Dilloway saw it was all news to him, he came to the conclusion that he knew nothing of his son's whereabouts.

"Why, Frank never wrote us a word about this, which is something very unusual for him to do."

"I am very sorry," replied the wily detective, "as we could give him a steady situation, if you could give me his address."

"That is something I would only be too glad to do, if I was able," replied the unsuspecting old gentleman.

Here Mr. Fletcher invited Dilloway into the house where he introduced him to his wife and two daughters, and explained to them the nature of his visit. The family expressed great surprise at the news which Dilloway imparted to them, and assured him that just as soon as they could hear of his whereabouts, they would willingly give him the desired information.

"How strange are the workings of circumstances," thought the detective, as he rose to leave

the house. "Here is a happy home, a family surrounded by wealth, refinement and luxury, peaceful and contented, while a beloved member of it is now an outcast, from the world, a fugitive from justice, hiding from the officers of the law, and vainly seeking to elude the grasp that sooner or later will be laid upon his shoulder."

The detective retraced his steps to the city, admiring the beautiful foliage filled with sunshine and the song of birds, the murmuring of the waters, while his mind was peopled with the thoughts of home scenes and domestic comfort, and a weary, travel-stained criminal, hungry and foot-sore, who was lurking in the darkness, endeavoring to escape from the consequences of his crime.

## CHAPTER IX.

From conductor Joe. Pearson we learned that Dr. Dunn's railroad ticket was limited to Harrisburg, and when Bell reached Chicago on his return from Salt Lake, I instructed him to proceed at once to the former city, and make a thorough investigation of the depots, hotels and boarding houses of that place. Supplying him with a description of the goods we were in search of, I requested him to visit all jewelry stores, loan offices and gambling houses, and if he should find a connecting link with the articles stolen from the palace car "Mermaid," to wire me at once.

As no time was to be lost, Bell left on the first train, reaching Harrisburg the following morning. From a description of Dunn's handwriting, which the detective had taken from the Auditorium register, he found no comparison in any hotel he visited, and after spending the day in a fruitless search in all parts of that city had about decided to continue his journey to Lynn, Mass.

About six o'clock that evening, as Bell was seated in the barroom of the Keystone House wait-



Manning recognizes the finest of the lost diamonds.



ing for the arrival of the limited express from Chicago, upon which he was to leave for New York, he noticed a magnificently cut diamond glistening in the shirt front of the bartender which attracted his curiosity at once.

This man had just come on duty for the night, and as the electric lights flashed on the costly diamond, it attracted the attention of all present. Bell at once approached the bar, and calling for a glass of beer, remained standing, sipping and gazing.

"By jove, ain't you sporting beyond your means?" carelessly remarked Bell to the bartender.

"No, I guess not; it only cost me twenty-five dollars, but I wouldn't sell it for ten times that amount," he replied as he looked down on the bright glistening opal in his immaculate white shirt front.

"How did you run in with such luck?" said Bell.

"Oh, a friend of mine was passing this way and happened to be a little hard up. I just had the cash, and got it at my own price."

"Well, I wouldn't mind meeting such a friend myself," continued Bell, "especially if he had any more such bargains as that."

"It would have been easy if you had been here about a week ago and had the cash to spare, you

could have got a good bargain. It was a fellow who claimed he had a lot of these goods left on his hands by advancing money on them, and they were only his as unredeemed pledges. He did not know anything about the value of the stones and only wanted to get the money back that he had advanced on them."

"Did he sell many in town, do you know?"

"I don't think he did, as he only remained in town one afternoon and spent most of his time here."

"Where was he bound for?"

"Well, he left here for Pittsburgh, where he expected to meet a friend who was coming on from Salt Lake City."

"I am going to Pittsburgh myself, to-night," replied Bell. "What kind of a looking man was he, so I would know him if I should happen to meet him?"

"He is a man about thirty years of age, medium height, well dressed in a new suit of clothes, clean shaven face, quite a smooth talker, and before going into this business, I think, was a traveling salesman."

"Do you know where I would be likely to see him in Pittsburgh, if he was still in that city?"

"I have no idea; he simply told me he was going

there to meet a friend who was coming on from the west."

As Bell now believed that he had secured all the information the bartender could give him, he went to his room and prepared a ciphered despatch which he wired to me, giving full information of all he had learned from the proud owner of the diamond.

I at once instructed him to await the arrival of Manning, in Harrisburg, who would reach there on the following day for the purpose of identifying the diamond, and if it proved to be the property stolen, for them both to go to Pittsburgh, separately, and see what facts might be developed in that city.

At noon the next day, Manning reached Harrisburg, and going to the Keystone Hotel, found the detective anxiously awaiting his arrival. The two men did not recognize each other, but Manning followed Bell upstairs into the latter's room where they both entered unobserved and locked the door.

Bell then cautioned Manning that great care must be used as the bartender belonged in the house and might then be asleep in his room, and the importance of this step was of great moment to our future operations.

"For," said Bell, "if this diamond is your prop-

erty, we have found a clew and are on the right trail at last. The bartender informed me that the man who sold him this opal spent most of his time in the barroom, which was evidently for the purpose of avoiding publicity during the day, and that he bought the diamond that night just as the man was leaving the saloon, perhaps somewhat under the influence of liquor."

Soon after this conversation occurred the two men strolled into the barroom and sitting at a table, called for the drinks, and while chatting over their cups, Bell was posting Manning about the lay of the land.

"The night man will come on at six o'clock," remarked my operative. "And any time after that hour I wish you would come in here and see if you can identify your property, and after a careful observation, if you determine that the diamond was among the ones you lost, the clew will be established, and we will leave for Pittsburgh at once."

Soon after the bartender came on duty that night, Manning, in company with other guests of the hotel, came down to the bar and began treating his friends. It did not require long for the experienced eye of the lapidary to determine the rare value of the shining jewel, and with a smile he remarked: "Well, you wear costly trinkets, don't you?"

"Not very," the bartender replied, as he moved nearer to Manning so that he could examine the stone that sent such flashes of life and light in all directions, "it only cost me twenty-five dollars."

As each guest was inspecting the precious gem, Manning saw the trade mark of Tiffany & Co., and turning it sideways, saw the number 3842 on the back, which answered a number he had on his memorandum book, and was also on the books of the firm in New York.

This completed Manning's identity, he recognized the trade mark, knew the workmanship and pattern and had secured the number of the jewel which corresponded with the number in his pocket. Going to Bell's room, he found that gentleman anxiously awaiting him. His first remark was, "That was the finest jewel in my case; it is worth eight hundred dollars, and I suppose that fellow bought it for anything he had a mind to pay."

"Just what I supposed," replied Bell.

Manning stood up in perfect astonishment and acted as if he was completely dazed at what he had seen.

"Sit down," said the cool headed detective. "It will not do for us to make any rash moves at the discovery of new evidence, as it might destroy all future plans."

Manning talked desperate, and my operative was fearful lest he might go back to the barroom and demand the stolen jewel as his property, which would work complete ruin to our advancing operations and so succeeded in persuading the enraged man to depart with him that night on the ten o'clock train for Pittsburgh.

## CHAPTER X.

The day after Bell and Manning reached Pittsburgh, I received a telegram from my operative, Ed. Foley, at Salt Lake City, informing me that Mrs. Brigham, the landlady, had received a letter that morning from her former boarder, Ledger Wood, requesting her to forward any letters that might come for him to E. C. Ledgerwood, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Upon receipt of this news, I telegraphed Foley to write a letter himself, enclosing it in the largest sized envelope he could get, and direct it to the same address E. C. Ledgerwood, Fort Wayne, Indiana.

I then caused to be sent from Chicago, a registered letter addressed to Mr. Ledger Wood, Fort Wayne, Indiana, so as to make sure there could be no mistake in letters reaching him under either name, and I requested operative Delaney, who was stationed at Fort Wayne, to come at once to Chicago for instructions.

About nine o'clock that night, Delaney left Fort Wayne, unobserved, and reached my office about

midnight. My instructions to the detective related to the clues we had discovered at Harrisburg and Salt Lake, which led me to the belief that either one or both of the robbers were somewhere between Pittsburgh and Fort Wayne.

As Bell and Manning had reached Pittsburgh that day, and as a registered letter was to reach Fort Wayne the next morning addressed to Mr. Ledger Wood, I instructed Delaney to return at once and in company with operative Harrington, who had been watching the Nickle Plate Depot for several days, to place themselves at the postoffice and watch the delivery window until they saw an envelope—an exact sample of which I gave the detective—should be called for.

I then instructed my operative, upon returning to Fort Wayne, to first assure himself that there was a letter held in that postoffice for Ledger Wood or E. C. Ledgerwood, and in order to accomplish this, he should approach the delivery window and inquire of the postmaster if there was a letter there for James L. Wood.

My reason in cautioning Delaney of this fact was for the purpose of guarding against a mistake, to shadow the postoffice when perhaps the postmaster, acting under instructions, had forwarded the letters to their owners upon their receipt to some distant city or town.

Delaney left Chicago at three o'clock that morning, fully alive to the fact that the chase for the criminals was narrowing down, and that I would not be suprised to hear of their arrests that day.

Reaching Fort Wayne at six o'clock that morning, Delaney repaired to the St. James Hotel, and found Harrington, who had been up nearly all night, awaiting his arrival. Delaney requested Harrington to be at the delivery window when the office was opened at eight o'clock, and inquire if there was a registered letter there for James L. Wood.

As the postoffice in Fort Wayne opened that morning, operative Harrington was the first to enter, soon to be followed by Delaney. Upon approaching the window, Harrington inquired if there was a registered letter there for James Ledger Wood.

"Yes, sir—wait until I see," reaching up, the clerk pulled down a number of letters from Box W. "There is a registered letter here for Mr. Ledger Wood, postmarked Chicago," answered that official.

Harrington expressed great disappointment to the postmaster, and said he believed the letter was intended for him, but that a mistake had been made by the sender in Chicago.

"Your best plan then," said the postmaster, "is to write to the sender in Chicago, and inquire if your letter has been sent, and if so, to what address."

My operative thanked the postmaster very profusely for his kind advice, and before going away, asked: "If any one else comes to claim this letter, will you kindly get their full description and address." To which the efficient and polished clerk assured him in the affirmative.

Harrington now left the postoffice, followed by Delaney, went back to their room in the hotel; after debating the subject between themselves, Delaney decided he would seek a personal interview with the postmaster.

Returning to the postoffice, Delaney asked to see General Gibson, the postmaster, and upon being shown into the private office of that gentleman, informed him that he was an officer of the law, laboring in the interest of justice, and asked the postmaster if he would be allowed to remain in the corridor during the day.

General Gibson, feeling very kindly toward my officers, readily assented, and Delaney took his place in a conspicuous part of the lobby where he could watch Box W. with operative Harrington close within call.

It was understood between the two operatives that no arrests should be made at the postoffice, and that if any one called for the letter, they should be shadowed to their place of abode. This precaution was deemed necessary so as to cause no alarm by an accidental arrest of the wrong party.

The two detectives watched the entrance and exit of the postoffice all day in a state of feverish anxiety, only to be left in suspense when night came on.

About eleven o'clock the second day of their watch, a young lady, about twenty-two years of age, fashionably attired in a dress of navy blue cashmere, called at the window of the post office, and inquired if there was any letters for E. C. Ledgerwood.

"There is a registered letter here for Mr. Ledger Wood," and taking the large envelope from Box W., he handed it to the young lady for inspection.

Delaney saw the letter taken from the box and approached nearer the window so as to hear the conversation which passed between the two without attracting attention.

The young lady appeared undecided at what course to take regarding the letter which contained an address so strikingly similar to the one she called for.

"If there can be any doubt about the address on this letter, Miss," remarked the clerk, "Tell the gentleman to call for it himself and be identified."

The lady nodded her assent without scarcely uttering a word and left the office, shadowed by Delaney and Harrington.

Going out into the street, she called in several stores as if shopping, after which she boarded an electric car and rode nearly ten blocks up Erie Avenue, where she alighted. Turning onto Monroe Street, she went about half way down the block and entered a stylish cottage, unsuspected of being shadowed.

## CHAPTER XI.

"This is the house we must watch," said Delaney, and leaving Harrington at a safe distance to shadow every movement of its occupants, hurried away to send me a detailed account of their work.

I immediately gave instructions to hold themselves in readiness, as something was likely to take place that night which would inform Ledgerwood of the registered letter, but under no circumstances arouse the young lady's suspicion, whom I believed would eventually lead us to his hiding-place.

The night in question was chilly and dark. My operatives had secreted themselves near the cottage, so as to watch every entrance to the house. About nine o'clock it was noticed that all the lights were extinguished, and the entire premises were left in darkness so that the detectives could come still nearer.

Sometime after midnight a person was seen approaching the house very cautiously. The detectives nearly held their breath with fear lest their presence might be observed. It proved to be a

man in a dark ulster, approaching the rear of the house from a shed in the vicinity.

Rapping at a window he ran along the side of the house to the door, which was quickly opened to him and as quickly locked behind him.

Delaney went at once to a telephone at a neighboring livery stable, and calling up police headquarters, asked for the patrol to be sent up with two officers for the purpose of making an important arrest.

In about twenty minutes the patrol arrived, and Delaney explained to them their work and what he wished to accomplish.

One of the officers remained with Harrington, and the other went with Delaney. Upon reaching the front door, the detective rang the bell and received an answer, "Who is there?"

"Officers of the law who demand admission," sternly answered my operative.

The door was soon opened by Mrs. Shepard, an elderly lady, who was greatly alarmed by being disturbed at such an unseasonable hour of the night.

Delaney explained to Mrs. Shepard that it was as unpleasant for them, but that they must know who the man was that had entered her house not an hour before.



Ledgerwood stopped at the point of Harrington's revolver.



The lady appeared to be greatly beside herself as she had always maintained a high social standing among her neighbors in the community.

"We have no complaint against you, Mrs. Shepard, but we have reason to believe that a man by the name of Ledger Wood or Ledgerwood, whom we have been ordered to arrest, is now secreted under your roof."

"Why, Edwin Ledgerwood is my nephew; what can you want to arrest him for?"

"For a diamond robbery, that was committed some days ago, and in which it is believed he is an accomplice."

"Oh, there must be some mistake," answered Mrs. Shepard, dazed and trembling with astonishment as she looked at the officers.

"He will have every chance to prove that, madam," said Delaney, at the same time requesting the policeman to produce his dark lantern and search the house.

As the door of the front room was forced open by Delaney and the policeman, the man in the ulster, who was seen entering the house but a short time before, was endeavoring to make his escape through a side entrance, but was stopped at the point of Harrington's revolver, and was taken into custody, handcuffed, and brought to the police

station within an hour from the time he entered the house.

No one in the city of Fort Wayne was more astounded, shocked and mortified than Mrs. Shepard and her estimable daughter.

For many years Edwin Ledgerwood had been a welcome visitor at his aunt's house, and the hospitality she had accorded him at all times was well known in the neighborhood, and when she came to realize the fact that he had brought such disgrace upon her—led away a manacled felon in the dead hour of the night—her grief and humiliation were pitiful to behold.

Upon reaching his cell at police headquarters, Delaney charged Ledgerwood with the theft of the diamonds from Carlyle Manning, in the palace car "Mermaid" between Valparaiso and Fort Wayne, eight days before.

Ledgerwood attempted to deny all knowledge of the robbery by saying that he was perfectly innocent, whereupon Delaney ordered the officers to search him.

Complying with my operatives request, the two officers made a careful and thorough search of the prisoner's clothing, and found diamonds or money in nearly every pocket to the extent of about two thousand dollars.

"You first met Carlyle Manning," continued Delaney, "at the Nutsford Hotel in Salt Lake City, being introduced to him as a nurse by Dr. Scott, his attending physician, and while acting in that capacity, you became familiar with the valuable diamonds which he carried in his valises, and a part of which have been found on your person.

"You then followed Manning to Chicago, and registered at the Auditorium as Dr. Dunn, bought your ticket at the Auditorium ticket office, occupied section 8 in the palace car 'Mermaid,' entered the car when all the passengers were asleep from the forward part of the train, and when near this city, you handed the two valises, which you first became acquainted with at the Hotel Nutsford, out of the car to your accomplice, Frank Fletcher, who joined you soon after you left the 'Mermaid' at Harrisburg, where you sold one of the most valuable diamonds in the collection to the bartender of the Keystone Hotel for a paltry sum."

Delaney's plan was to give Ledgerwood so complete and truthful a narrative of his work in this robbery as to leave no possible doubt in the mind of the prisoner of the secure and firm hold which the network of evidence had woven around him.

So complete was Delaney's charge that Ledgerwood was literally dumfounded and dismayed;

and the haughty contempt and reserve of the now confronted thief gave way to looks and actions of regret and remorse.

"As an officer of the law," said Delaney, "I can have no discretion in your case: my duty is laid down for me and I must discharge it, but if sympathy is of any service, you may be assured I never discharge duty with more reluctance than when I place a young man of your years, and promise behind prison bars."

The culprit raised his dazed and haggard face, and looking at Delaney for a moment, said, "I never was in a position in which I realized the value of a friend more than now."

"I have no doubt of that," said my operative, "as your general appearance resembles a man who has sacrificed a bright and inviting future to be led astray by some older and more experienced criminal who has simply used you as a tool."

The detective's remarks had their effect on Ledgerwood, who now saw in its real light the complete folly of his crime, and looking up to Delaney he inquired, "What would you advise me to do?"

"Tell all you know about this matter, make restitution of the stolen goods, and throw yourself on the mercy of the court, is the only course I see laid open for you now."

As Delaney made this remark, he arose from his seat, and not wishing a confession from the prisoner until he had time to reflect, left the cell, saying he would call again in a day or two.

## CHAPTER XII.

As Ledgerwood sat in his cell the following morning after his arrest, his face pale, haggard, and shriveled, which showed that wasting thought and anxiety had been companions of his vigil, he inquired several times of the warden if he could see Detective Delaney.

Upon receiving intelligence of Ledgerwood's arrest, I instructed Delaney to leave him alone for a few days, so as to give him time to reflect on his past follies, for as this was probably the first time he had occupied a prison cell charged with so heinous a crime, he lacked the viciousness of the hardened criminal, and to relieve himself of the anguish of a burning conscience, might tell us what he knew of the whereabouts of his accomplice, Frank Fletcher.

Although fortune had somewhat favored us in the capture of Ledgerwood, I was alive to the fact that we had a different man to deal with in his accomplice. Fletcher had been for many years traveling about the country in the interest of the firms he represented. His knowledge of the different

railroads, hotels and river lines, prairie towns and coach roads, and a hundred and one other avenues to escape, about many of which he could easily hide without the least fear of being run down by the sleuth-hounds of the law, made me extremely cautious.

My object in instructing Delaney, regarding the management of his captive, was for the purpose of giving him a chance to make a bona fide confession. For our success in the capture of Fletcher might depend to a great extent upon what we could learn from Ledgerwood, therefore a confession in some form must be secured from the prisoner in order to set us on the right trail.

I further instructed my operative wait a reasonable length of time and if he saw no signs of Ledgerwood weakening, to approach him with the news that Fletcher had been captured, made a confession, and turned states' evidence and unless he came out and gave his version of the robbery, the prosecution would use Fletcher as a witness against him, and that a long and hopeless term of imprisonment would be the reward of his silence.

When the detective visited Ledgerwood's cell the second day after his arrest, however, he became convinced that our anxiety was unnecessary regarding a confession. There was no doubt but

what the unfortunate man fully realized the depths to which he had fallen.

"I want to speak to you," was the first salutation with which he greeted Delaney, as the detective was passing his cell.

"That is a luxury you are always entitled to while in my care," replied the smiling detective.

"I want to tell you all I know about this affair for which you hold me as a prisoner."

"Well, I have advised you that was the right thing to do," said my operative, "as this man Fletcher, who led you into this, may be taken into custody any moment, and if he makes the first confession, it will be for the purpose of saving himself at your expense."

Ledgerwood began by telling Delaney that for a number of years he had followed the profession of a nurse, and while employed as such, had on many occasions large sums of money and valuables of his patients entrusted to his keeping.

It was while relating this fact one evening to some friends in the Hotel Templeton, Salt Lake, that he became acquainted with a drummer for a Chicago house, named Frank Fletcher.

"Fletcher and I soon became intimately acquainted and fast friends, and on several occasions, when visiting that city," continued the prisoner,

"Fletcher made it a point to look me up, and we would spend the night together, drinking, gambling and carousing. He always appeared to be flush with money, and this 'fun' as he called it, never cost me a cent.

"One night, after becoming electrified from excessive drinking, Fletcher told me that he had just rode from Portland, Oregon, over the Union Pacific, in a Pullman Palace Car, with Tiffany's diamond salesman, Carlyle Manning, whose two cases of samples were estimated to be worth five thousand dollars, and which he could easily have stolen during the trip while the passengers were asleep in their berths.

"Fletcher kept continually blaming himself for not running a little risk when there was so much to be gained. I sympathized with him, and he then told me he would never loose such a chance again.

"The next day Dr. Scott sent for me to nurse a patient at the Nutsford Hotel, whom I soon learned was the diamond salesman that I had heard so much about the night before.

"Upon seeing Fletcher the following evening, I told him that Manning was sick at the Nutsford, and that I was his nurse.

"Fletcher said this was the chance of a lifetime,

and that he would take a room in the hotel on the same floor where Manning was sick, and sometime while my patient was asleep, to let him into the room under the guise of a caller, and he would do the rest.

"On the following morning, however, much to our disappointment, Manning had the two valises taken down stairs to the office and locked in the safe, when I came to the conclusion that the game was at an end.

"Fletcher contended that this was no proof that Manning had become suspicious, as all hotels take charge of their guests' valuables when confined to their rooms with sickness."

Fletcher spent the week during Manning's sickness in visiting suburban towns in the interest of his Chicago firm, and would return to Salt Lake each night to talk with Ledgerwood regarding their future plans, and it was not until the night before Manning's departure from the Nutsford that Ledgerwood finally decided, in company with Fletcher, to follow Manning to Chicago.

"We would have committed the robbery before reaching Chicago, only the Pullman conductor, for some unknown reason, would not give us accommodation in the same car with Manning, and we were obliged to sleep in different cars.

"Upon reaching Chicago, we determined that if the job was to be done, it would have to be planned from that city, or else it would be a failure, as Manning's next stop would be New York, and would spend but one night on the road.

"It was therefore determined that I should put up at the Auditorium at which house Manning secured accommodations by wire before leaving the Nutsford, and as I was familiar with all his correspondents, and knowing his future movements, was considered the best man to shadow him.

"Knowing that Manning was to leave the Auditorium that night for New York, I kept close watch of the Pullman diagram in the ticket office in that hotel and saw that he was to occupy section 7 in the palace car "Mermaid," I at once secured section 8 directly opposite to him in the same car to Harrisburg, and occupied that section to the end of the journey.

"Fletcher and I rode in the passenger car until about eleven o'clock when we both apparently left the train, but I went into the sleeping car, and he rode on the rear platform. I removed my clothing and went to bed as usual, but did not sleep. About an hour before reaching Fort Wayne, and while the train was stopped, I raised the window of my berth, and passed out

Manning's two valises to Fletcher. All was done in less time than it takes to relate it.

"Fletcher reached Harrisburg, by another road a few hours later, where we divided the valuables and parted company so as not to attract suspicion, and we haven't seen each other since."

Regarding the selling of the diamond to the bartender at the Keystone Hotel in Harrisburg, Ledgerwood said he knew nothing, and it must have been done by Fletcher while under the influence of liquor.

### CHAPTER XIII.

Ledgerwood said after dividing their booty the day after the robbery, he and his companion parted in Harrisburg, and had not seen each other since. Although we felt we had accomplished something through the confession of Ledgerwood, yet our prime motive in securing that much sought for information had not succeeded, and Fletcher's whereabouts was as great a mystery as ever.

The day after the capture of Ledgerwood by my operatives at Fort Wayne, Manning, in answer to my telegram, came on from Pittsburgh, and identified two thousand dollars worth of his stolen property, which we had taken from the person of the prisoner upon his capture.

Bell still remained in Pittsburgh, following up what sometimes appeared to be a clew, and afterwards would turn out to be no clew at all. Dillo-way was still keeping watch at Keokuk, and the neighboring farmhouse of Uncle John Fletcher.

Upon the arrest of Ledgerwood, I sent urgent instructions to each of my operatives that we must

in some way get a clew upon which we could hinge our pursuit of Fletcher.

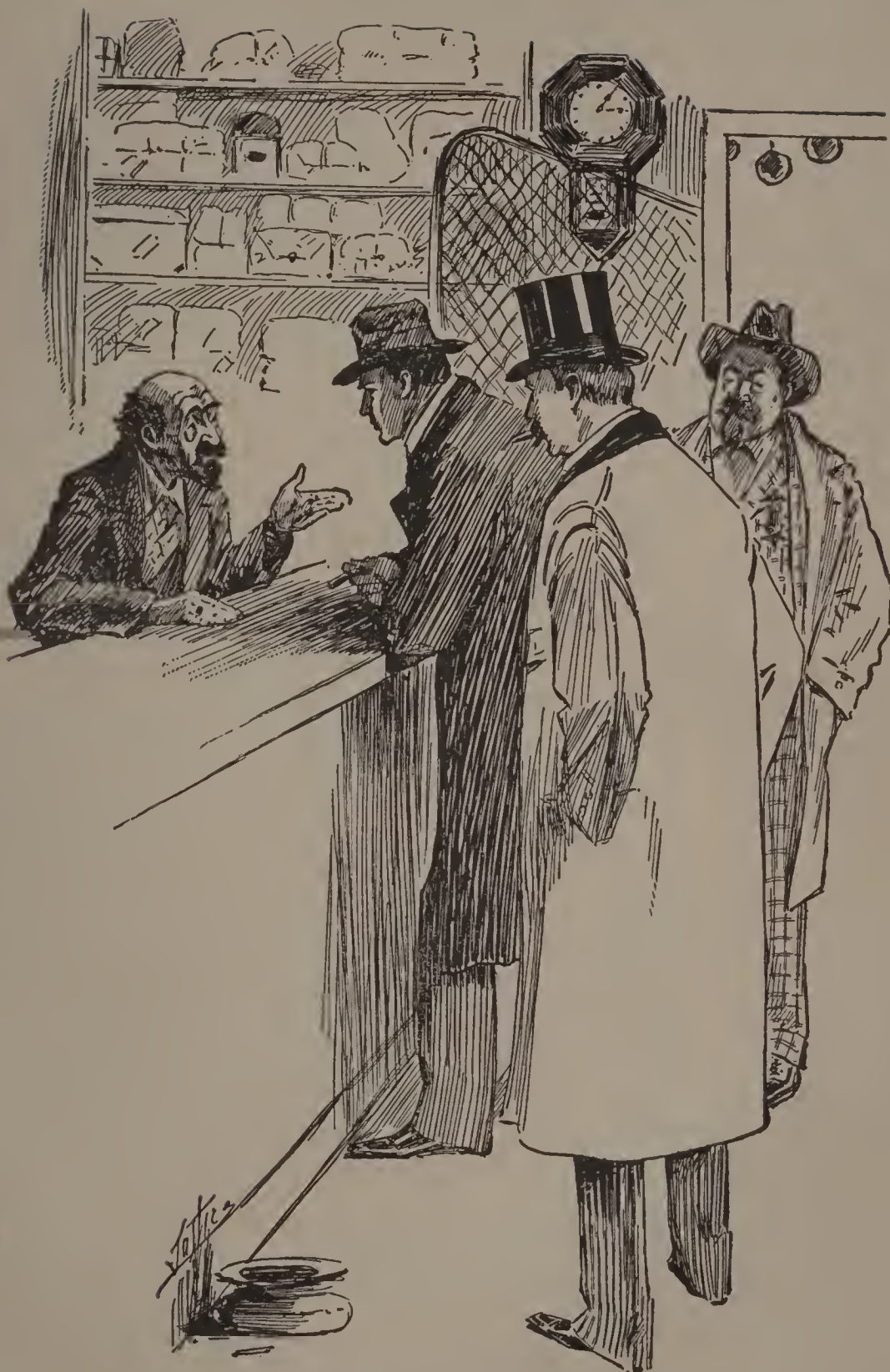
These urgent instructions induced Mr. Dilloway to redouble his efforts, and so he determined to have another conversation with "Uncle John" or his family, and not caring to make a second visit to the farm until he had become better acquainted, he decided to loiter in the vicinity of the postoffice where all farmers are like to come while in the city.

He did not have to wait long, however, before Fletcher's mother and sister was seen calling for their mail at the postoffice. As the two ladies came out into the street Dilloway came along as if passing by, and with an unaffected open frankness inquired: "When could I have the pleasure of meeting your son, Mr. Frank Fletcher?"

"I'm afraid not for some time," answered Mrs. Fletcher, "as he left about a week ago, intending to settle somewhere in the far west, just where he had not fully decided."

"Well, I'm going west myself," replied Dilloway, "and I'm sorry that I didn't know it, so we could have gone together; how pleasant it would have been for us both."

My operative evinced great concern and interest in the westward movements of this flying prodigal,



Searching the Loan Offices.



and regretted very much that he had not been able to see him, as he thought likely he could have placed him in a position of honor and trust that would not have required him to have left home and kindred, to seek his fortune in a new country.

"Perhaps I could induce him to return if you would give me his address," remarked Dilloway in a mood of great solicitude.

"Well, the letter that we received from him a few days ago was written from Omaha, and he then contemplated leaving in a day or two, I think, for Denver."

While Dilloway was receiving valuable information from Fletcher's relatives in Keokuk, detective Bell had also made great efforts in his work at Pittsburgh, and had so far succeeded as to locate over a thousand dollars worth of the stolen jewelry in different loan offices in that city, to each of which I caused an injunction to be filed restraining the holders from selling or disposing of the stolen property, until I should succeed in bringing the culprit to justice.

After these receivers of stolen goods saw the strong arm of the law raised against them, they began to loosen their tongues and talk, and it was from this prompt move which I determined to make after I had come to the conclusion that Fletcher

was in their employ that I received the valuable information that I so much sought.

I instructed my operative Bell, in company with Manning and the sheriff, to go to the loan offices where these goods were held and after they had been identified by Mr. Manning, and the sheriff had taken them into his possession, for there and then to flatly and bluntly accuse the proprietor of the office that he was one of a gang of thieves and that Fletcher was only one of the dupes which he had in his employ.

The scheme worked well as the first man whom Bell tackled was a little, diminutive, blear-eyed Jew, who was already trembling with fear that the money he had paid Fletcher was lost, and a term of imprisonment was staring him in the face.

"Now, Strauss," said Mr. Bell, "you must tell how you came by these goods if you want to save yourself from further trouble."

Strauss persisted that he came by them honestly, and "dot he hat not itea," as he expressed it, "dot dey vere stholen goots."

"Well," said Mr. Bell, "they are, and if you do not give a satisfactory explanation how you came by them, you will be arrested as the thief."

"Mine gott, I vas no tief. Vell, I vill told you all I know about id."

"That is all we want," said my operative.

"Boud dwo veeks ago a man come to my sthore und said, 'Meesther Strauss, I hef som chewelry und I vand do sell id; how much vill you gif me for de lod?'"

"What kind of looking man was he?" asked the sheriff.

"Oh, metium size man, blain face, vell tressed. I told him I vould gif him dwo hundred tollar for de lod, und he said, 'Py gracious, I can nod gif id do you for dot,' so den I offered him dree hundred tollar, und he dook id. He dold me he vas going oud vesd und he vould go do Denfer."

The wholesome fright which Bell gave Strauss, was the cause of securing for us the valuable information we were in search of. I was determined we should not loose track of this Hebrew money lender, and so instructed the chief of police of Pittsburgh, to keep a close watch on his whereabouts, until I should find out whether he was placing us on the right track or not. In case we should get no further information regarding Fletcher, I was determined to arrest Strauss, as an accessory to the robbery.

It was a good clew and we were determined to make the most of it, although I believe, had we been called to show our hand, the result would not

have been favorable to us. But prompt action on our part was sure to develop something, one way or the other, so I kept the telegraph wires constantly at work communicating with the authorities of the different cities, until I had woven a network of detection in all the principal towns of any size for thousands of miles in circumference.

## CHAPTER XIV.

The information which we received from the Pittsburgh loan offices was of great value to our future success, and I instructed Bell to proceed at once to Omaha, and make a thorough search of that city.

Upon the detective's arrival at Omaha, he followed the same line of investigation which he had so successfully prosecuted in Pittsburgh. The first loan office he visited was on Western Avenue, and to its proprietor my operative represented himself as a jewelry broker, and although he dealt in all styles of jewelry, he much preferred that manufactured by Tiffany & Co. of New York.

The proprietor of the office showed Bell three pieces of fine jewelry which he had taken as a pledge from a man about a week before, just previous to his departure for Denver.

Not mistrusting that the broker was a detective, he gave him the full description of the man which was the same as was given in Pittsburgh. Instead of using his own name he had now assumed

that of A. J. Ratcliffe, which name was registered as the owner of the pledged diamonds.

According to the municipal laws of the city of Omaha, all goods left in pledge must be held for three months before they can be sold. I therefore decided not to file an injunction against the sale of these goods until we had made further progress in our pursuit, for fear of arousing suspicion.

After Bell had visited two other loan offices in that city, and finding some of the stolen property being held for money loaned, I had Mr. Manning go to Omaha and identify about a thousand dollars worth of his diamonds.

As near as my operative could learn, Fletcher had left on the Union Pacific for Denver, about a week before, and I wired Bell to supply himself with all the descriptions of Fletcher available, and depart for that city at once. I also despatched to my operative Ed. Foley, in Salt Lake City, a full description of the fleeing fugitive, and instructed him to shadow the depots of the Union Pacific, and Rio Grande Western, upon the arrival and departure of all trains.

Arriving at Denver, Bell instituted a thorough search the same as he made in the two former cities, but found no traces of the fugitive, and as I came to the conclusion that he had disposed of

all his jewelry, I requested my operative to proceed to Colorado Springs, and continue his search.

I realized the fact that had Fletcher passed Denver, our pursuit of him would necessarily become more slow and unsatisfactory as he had no doubt reached some of the mountain towns which are overrun more or less with a desperate class of criminals which use these mountains for a hiding place.

After spending several days in the vicinity of Manitou, Colorado Springs and Pike's Peak, the detective was about to turn back in despair, believing that Fletcher had not come so far west, when he met a man from Pueblo, who told him that he saw a man bearing the description of Fletcher, trying to sell several costly diamonds in the bar-room of the Southern Hotel in that city about a week before.

Bell felt greatly relieved at this information and at once departed for Pueblo and registered as a guest at the Southern Hotel.

Mr. Prouty, the gentlemanly proprietor of this house, offered my operative every encouragement; told him that he remembered the man well, and directed him to a jewelry store in that city, owned by one Levi Moses, where Fletcher had succeeded in selling another of the diamonds.

But from the day of the sale, no further trace of the fleeing burglar could be found, and the trail seemed to be hopelessly lost, as it was very probable he had taken to the mountains.

No thought of failure, however, was now to be entertained by the brave officer, and after satisfying himself that the man he was looking for was not in that city, he left for Florence, an oil and gas town, some miles further west, where he spent the day in a fruitless search, and then started for Canon City, only to leave there at the close of another day, chagrined and disappointed but not disheartened.

Passing through the great Colorado Canon, with its mountains of granite towering thousands of feet above his head, our operative landed in Salida, a railroad town of some attraction and enterprise and surrounded by one of the richest mineral belts in that state. Here Bell spent two days and one night, visiting all the saloons, hotels and boarding-houses, and was about to depart on the second night when, upon visiting the postoffice to see if any mail had been forwarded to him, he chanced to inquire if there were any letters there for Frank Fletcher.

The postmaster informed him that Mr. Fletcher had called for his own mail a few days before.

The description given at the postoffice was so complete that my operative saw he was again on the trail of the fleeing burglar. As the postmaster had no reason to suspect Fletcher, he made no inquiries regarding his departure, and the detective had to be content with the meager information he had received.

There was no train leaving Salida that night, and so Bell was obliged to wait until the following morning, when he left on the ten o'clock train for Del Norte, and from there proceeded to Wagon Wheel Gap. In reaching this place he was obliged to pass through the great San Luis Valley, which possesses many thousand acres of rich prairie lands, where such a criminal as Fletcher could easily have secreted himself for a lifetime.

At Wagon Wheel Gap the detective mingled with the guests at the different hotels, who visit this resort in search of health, but no trace of Fletcher could be found, and on the following day he returned to Del Norte, and from that place went to the new mining camp of Creede.

At Creede the detective was entirely at sea. It was a town that had been built in a few months and was one of those wild, reckless camps, which all mining fields breed; made up mostly of the outlaw, the gambler, and the harlot. He found many

sleeping in canvas tents, in hovels and board shanties, whose name and identity was lost amid flocks of fortune-hunters, who were coming and going every day.

Here in the wild canon between two stupendous mountains came the prospector from Deadwood, the disappointed claim hunter from Leadville, the bankrupt millionaire from Virginia City, the ambitious politician from Denver, and the humble physician from Salt Lake, seeking new fields in which they could start anew and retrieve their lost fortunes. Here, too, had come the gambler, the burglar and the cutthroat, and through all this motley herd of the fallen elements of humanity swayed the one passion and greed for gold which made friends of some and enemies of others.

To this class—their greed and passions—does Colorado, as do many other States owe the greatness which they enjoy to-day; which broke down barriers, crossed the prairies, and scaled the mountains to establish commonwealths and build new cities,

## CHAPTER XV.

Creede was situated in the defile between two inaccessible columns of the Rocky Mountains, whose towering peaks reached the regions of eternal snows, their sides covered with pines and cedars, the beginning of whose growth date back to by-gone ages. There were sparkling cascades that dashed from lofty and romantic cliffs into bubbling rivulets and placid streams, which served as the outlet of this Alpine-like group.

The horizon fairly teems with cliffs and bluffs, in this weird land,

Like the indistinct golden and vaporous fleece  
Which surrounded and hid the celestials in Grece—

These mountains become strange creatures of the imagination. Anything that fancy painted them, that they were. Old mediæval ruins, cities gone to decay, castles and watch-towers tumbled into picturesque confusion, walled towns along the border, remnants of conflagration most disastrous—each and all they could be in turn, and in each natural.

Thicker and more complex they became, and

from them, spires, domes and turrets, point heavenward. In the far distance, wrapped about in a mysterious veil of haze—that soft, beautiful, unreal, yet strangely real thing, called Western landscape appears. To the north the jagged crests break upon the vision, like floating Islands in an azure sea, gradually revealing themselves an imposing group of pointed mountains or crowned with massive pallisades.

In all directions and at every side could be seen the prospector searching for the hidden treasures for which he had come, foot-sore and weary, perhaps more than a thousand miles, and for which no privation was too great, if there was only a prospect of success crowning his efforts.

The physician left the sick bed of his patient, the lawyer his anxious client, and the minister his pulpit, that they might join in the anxious search, or use their influence in organizing large companies with a capital stock, that run into the hundreds of thousands, entirely on paper, with not a cent in the treasury.

Bell looked on at this wild, break-neck scramble with despair of his own success. He attempted to inquire, but inquiry was useless. This bringing together of strangers from distant fields made acquaintance a lost art. He had not heard of

Fletcher since leaving Salida, and determining that it was useless to continue his search among this Babel of strangers, was about to retrace his steps to the former city, when, coming to the bridge that separates Creede from Jimtown, he stopped at a gaming table by the road-side, where he saw a valuable diamond put up as a stake against fifty dollars in gold.

The detective's curiosity was at once aroused, and he began to scrutinize the assembled audience, but could see no one that would answer to Fletcher's description. He waited patiently until the end of the game so as to see who was the winner and loser. The man who placed the diamond on the table was a hardy mountaineer. At the end of the game, Bell approached the burly cliff dweller, and inquired if he knew where any more such diamonds were for sale.

He said he had won that one that morning at a joint kept by Bob Ford, where it was sold by a stranger, two days before. To further inquiries he replied that the stranger had left for Aspen, the night following the sale of the diamond.

Ford was the bandit to whom the governor of Missouri had paid ten thousand dollars for slaying the notorious Jesse James. This information the detective listened to with peril, as he knew the des-

*Detective 7*

perate character of this scourge of the mountains.

Bell could get no further description of the man who sold the diamond, and upon going to Ford's gambling den, the detective saw tables constructed of the roughest material, upon which many kinds of games was being carried on. There were also some tables at the rear of the hall, on which bankrupt gamblers were lying asleep, without money enough left to pay for a bed. Making the acquaintance of a young half-breed, that was acting in the capacity of a porter in this notorious dive, my operative inquired of him if he knew where he could buy some diamonds.

The half-breed told Bell that if he had been there three days before he could have seen a man with some of the finest diamonds he ever saw, offering them at very low prices.

The description furnished to Bell by the porter, corresponded exactly with those of Fletcher, so the detective felt sure that he had again dropped on the trail of the man who was so dexterously eluding his grasp.

"I am on my way to Aspen," said the wily detective, "do you think there would be any chance of meeting him on my trip?"

"Oh, yes," said the porter, "that's just where he's gone."

No more welcome news could have come to the detective, who was heart-sick of Creede, and welcomed the opportunity to get out of it. Leaving on the one o'clock train that afternoon my operative again returned to Salida, and upon inquiring at the postoffice, found that Fletcher had called there the morning that Bell left for Del Norte, and it was barely possible that the two men had seen each other on the depot platform when one was going south and the other west.

Bell at once left for Glenwood Springs, where he arrived late that night, and registered at the Maxwell House, to remain until two o'clock the next afternoon before he could get a train for Aspen.

During my operative's stay at Glenwood Springs, he found it a mountain hamlet, of a thousand inhabitants, many of whom had come there invalids and regained their health by the hot Sulphur Springs, which form a boiling whirlpool at the foot of the mountains. They had made their homes there, never wishing to depart from that life-giving fountain.

No traces of Fletcher, however, could be found at the Springs, and at four o'clock that afternoon the detective reached Aspen, the finest and wealthiest mining camp in the Rocky Mountains. It is a city

built on the foot-hills of the Smuggler Group, from whose interior twelve million dollars worth of silver is found annually, and which has been the cause of increasing the wealth of Colorado, in all directions. Here is located the great Mollie Gibson and many other mines of lesser or equal wealth. Here also is the Mineral Palace, into which has been gathered many thousand dollars worth of specimens, that attracts the eye of the tourist, who becomes interested in this great wealth-producing country.

At Aspen Bell registered at the Windsor Hotel, where he found a large number of miners stopping, all of whom seemed to be of the better class—thrifty, intelligent and sociable. The detective was sure that he could not be far behind the fleeing fugitive, who was unaware that he was being pursued, therefore my operative became more cautious, and, inquiring at the Hotel Jerome, if a diamond salesman was stopping there, was informed that a Mr. Ratcliffe had just settled his account and had left the previous day for Grand Junction.

From the descriptions which Bell received, he was convinced that Mr. Ratcliffe was none other than Frank Fletcher. And boarding the Denver and Rio Grande train, left at once for Grand Junc-

tion, where he arrived in time the following morning for a sumptuous breakfast at the railroad eating house at that place.

## CHAPTER XVI

The best men are not those who have waited for chances, but those who have taken them—besieged the chance, conquered the chance, and made chance their servitor. My operative had not waited, but had pushed on, sometimes in the dark, at other times injudiciously perhaps, but at all times with a firm determination, that the robber of the Pullman palace car "Mermaid" would sooner or later be run down and tracked to his lair.

Upon Bell's arrival at Grand Junction, I wired him to use great caution and consult with the sheriff, John Knowles, of San Wan County, who was a personal friend of mine, to be ready at a moment's notice, as the chase must soon come to an end. I also instructed my operative, Foley, at Salt Lake, that should Fletcher reach that city before he was arrested, to simply shadow him and wait for the arrival of Bell, before attempting to take him into custody.

Inquiry at Grand Junction, showed that a man answering the description of Fletcher, had been in that place but a day before, and upon looking over

the hotel register, my operative found the same signature of Ratcliffe, which he saw on the registers of the other hotels along the route. The descriptions furnished by the clerk were the same as that furnished by the clerk at the Hotel Jerome at Aspen.

The only thing which now baffled my operative was the fact that Fletcher had disappeared from Grand Junction the night before, but in what kind of conveyance or in what direction he could not learn. The agent did not remember having sold a ticket to any person answering Fletcher's description, but said that he might have got on the train and paid cash to the conductor, which was not an uncommon occurrence.

Bell returned again to the hotel and ventured to inquire further of the clerk if Mr. Ratcliffe had intimated what day he would be in Provo or Salt Lake. The clerk replied that in the course of a friendly conversation with his guest, the day before, he had inquired the size and character of the two above named cities, and asked his opinion of which would offer the best advantage to start in business. The clerk saying he much preferred Salt Lake, if it was not already over-done, to which Mr. Ratcliffe replied, that if he should find such to be the case he would continue his trip westward.

On receiving this information, Bell went directly to the telegraph office and sent operative Foley at Salt Lake the following despatch:—

“Package left here last night. May reach Salt Lake on first train. Watch for it,

“Bell.”

Within an hour the following answer was received by Bell:—

“Package not yet arrived. Am watching for it on every train,

“FOLEY.”

Bell bought a ticket from Grand Junction to Ogden, so it might appear that he was leaving that part of the country, but intended stopping off at a number of places along the road. Cisco, about twenty miles further west, was his first stop, but finding nothing there, after several hour's search, continued his journey to Green River, and on the following morning went to Pleasant Valley Junction.

What a journey over mountains, gentle slopes and dark canons, all combining to give such a variety to the route, that days of travel did not produce weariness. But how different the country beyond; a sterile and vast expanse, covered with waving lines of sand, in which the rivulets are lost as they descend from the bare ridges around.

But the great American desert has a limit, and leaving it the train entered a region where the monotony was occasionally varied by large herds of grazing cattle and sheep. The shepherd in the Highlands of Scotland, the peasant in the sunny fields of France, the dweller on the banks of the Nile, are as deeply interested, practically in the reports from this great land as are we of our own country. Beyond this they came upon fertile rolling prairies, watered by large streams, skirted by heavy timber, with here and there a range of bluffs whose gray tops were capped with stone arranged in regular layers, as if disposed by the hand of man.

"What a beautiful scene," thought Bell, "everything appears so peaceful. It seems as if the rude passions and conflicting interests of mankind might never disturb its harmony."

To the east he could see through the clear atmosphere miles and miles of rolling prairie, the zigzag lines of timber marking the courses of the streams with waving lines of green.

Beyond and spreading out, far as the eye could reach, lay a fertile and broad expanse, the small timber patches visible here and there resembling the orchards of an old settled country.

Westward lay a beautiful valley, beyond that a

high hill, and to the north a varied scene, hill and dale, prairie, woodland, ravine and gently flowing river, intensified and beautified by the rays of the rising sun.

The road by which he had come led him through a country so varied in its grand and imposing beauty, towering rocks, and fertile valleys, winding streams and gentle elevations, that for a time fatigue was forgotten in the enjoyment of the scenes about him, and it was not until the journey had been completed that he realized how utterly tired out he was. Being of a strong and healthy constitution, however, and upheld by an ambition to succeed in the work he had undertaken, my faithful operative never flagged in his persistent search after the missing Fletcher.

On reaching Pleasant Valley, he ascertained that a man answering Fletcher's description had put up at the Valley House, but had not registered his name. He had left about ten hours before, for a town called Coal Mine, about twenty miles from the Junction.

Thus far, from all that could be learned of Fletcher's movements, the young man was traveling entirely alone. From point to point across the western continent Bell had traced him, and no tidings of a companion had been as yet received.

Alone and friendless, cut off from the associations of his past life, this unfortunate man was trying to escape from a fate which he felt must be impending. Through the long summer days and under the starry skies during the weary nights, this outcast was working his way to fancied freedom and security. I wonder whether the accuser's voice was not sounding in his ears, during the long watches of the night, when he sought the needed slumber, which his weary brain and body demanded, or if he started with affright at fancied dangers, and find, this lonely life a burden, heavy and sorrowful.

## CHAPTER XVII.

After obtaining much valuable information with reference to the various localities of the city from the landlord of the hotel, Bell sauntered forth upon his quest. Diligently and with untiring energy he prosecuted his inquiries, meeting only with disappointments and rebuffs; during the entire day he labored assiduously, visiting brothels, saloons and hotels beyond number, and as yet had not discovered a trace of Fletcher. Could it be that the information which he had received was designedly given to throw him off the trail, and that the half-breed meant to play him false, when he told him that his man had gone to Aspen.

These thoughts flew through the brain of the detective, when after all his efforts, he found himself baffled at all points. In despair at last he sought the aid of the authorities, and was received with a cordiality that was unmistakable, and with proffered assistance that promised to be valuable in the extreme. A trusted, true and worthy officer and a man of considerable experience, one who was the very ideal of a discreet and intelli-

gent official, was delegated to accompany him during the evening. For a long time these two men devoted their combined energies to the task before them; but as had been the case with Bell during the day, no success attended their efforts.

Finally the officer turned to Bell and said:

"There is just one place more, that we can possibly hope to hear anything of this man, and I have deferred it to the last, because I am almost certain that we will learn nothing of him even there."

"Well, let us go," said the detective. "I am determined that no possible point shall be lost, and we may only be disappointed again; but let us try."

"Come along, then," replied the officer, "but you may have occasion to use your revolver, so put it where you can find it."

"Where are we going?" asked Bell.

"To Bill Dunphy's ranch," answered the officer, "the hardest dive you ever saw."

"All right," said Bell, "let us go. I have no fear for myself, and perhaps this is the turning point in our search."

So they started off, and after about twenty minutes walk, found themselves in the extreme western part of the camp, and in a locality that

presented anything but an agreeable appearance.

Although but a short distance from the main thoroughfare, everything seemed to be of the most wretched character, the people who were congregated about the doorways were villainous-looking men, and hard-visaged brazen-faced women. Lights shone from many windows, and from within came the sounds of laughter and ribald song. They were evidently in a section where vice and immorality held full control.

Bell's companion seemed to be well known and universally feared in this neighborhood, for they passed through it without molestation and soon reached a long-rambling, frame building, which was gayly painted and brightly illuminated.

Men and women of all ages, were entering and leaving the place, and crowds were gathered about the entrance. The clinking of glasses and the loud orders of the waiters could be heard, but above all the sounds of music, and a general confusion of voices that told that there was a large assembly present.

The detective had often heard of the character of a dance-house in the far west, and now was his opportunity to view one in full blast. Elbowing their way through the crowd, Bell and his companion found themselves in a large, brilliantly

lighted room, almost entirely devoid of furniture. At one end was the orchestra, which consisted of a piano, that was sadly out of tune, and two unmelodious violins. The tune, if tune it might be called, went over and over and over again, with the monotonous persistency of a sawmill, dominating the rhythmic tread of the dancers. Around the sides of the room were ranged rows of tables and wooden chairs, occupied by men and women, all of whom were busily engaged in disposing of the maddening liquids, that were dispensed by the so-called pretty waiter girls, who long since had become strangers to all forms of morality. The floor was filled with a motley gathering of both sexes, who were whirling about the room with the greatest abandonment, dancing madly to the discordant strains of the music. It was a perfect pandemonium, while boisterous laughter and loud curses, mingled with the excitement and confusion. Both the men and women were drinking freely, and some of them were in a wild state of intoxication, while others had long since passed the state of excitement and were now dozing stupidly in the corners of the room.

Bell and his companion stood for some time gazing at the scenes around them. The detective's mind was busy with meditation upon the

human degradation that was here presented. Here were women, many of them still retaining marks of former beauty, in spite of their life of dissipation. Their eyes flashing under the influence of liquor, and from their pretty lips issuing forth curses and blasphemies which would make an ordinary person shudder. Old women, shrewd and devilish, who could shoot or cut if the occasion required, with the nicety and effect of a man. Rough men with their flannel shirts and their trousers tucked down in their boots. Young men from the city, well-dressed and apparently respectable, yet all yielding to their passions for strong drink and the charms of ribaldry and indecency. A wild gathering of all grades and conditions, mingled in this disgraceful orgie. What stories could be told of happy homes, wrecked and broken by these painted lizards who were now swimming in the whirl-pool of licentious gratification; many men whose past careers of honor and reputation had been thrown away, were gathered here in this brothel, taking part in so-called amusements, which a few years ago would have appalled them. Human nature is a study and debased humanity is the strangest of all.

"Well, what do you think of this?" asked the officer.

"I scarcely know what to think," said Bell. "I have seen much of social life, but this beats all I ever saw or ever before experienced."

"Oh, this is nothing, you should be here sometime when there is a fight going on, and then you would think that hell was a reality and these people incarnate devils."

While they were conversing, the proprietor of the establishment, Bill Dunphy, approached them, and respectfully saluting the officer, whom he knew, said smilingly:

"Seeing the sights of the city, are you, governor?"

"Well, yes, Bill, we are looking for a young man, and we thought perhaps that if he had been around here, you could give us some information about him."

"Certainly," answered Bill, "if I can do anything for you, I am willing to do it."

Dunphy was a tall, broad shouldered man, with black curly hair, flashing black eyes, and a black drooping moustache. He stood in a slouching attitude, and as he spoke, his fingers played idly with the red silk lacings of his brown flannel shirt. To an imaginative looker on, those idly toying fingers, had a definable air, of being very much at home with the trigger of the six-shooter in his belt.

"Come into the other room," continued Dunphy, "where we can talk, there is too much noise here."

The three men entered a room on the opposite side of the house which appeared to be occupied by a better portion of the habitués of the place. Leading the way to a table, in a retired corner of the room, the proprietor requested them to be seated. Bell called for one of the waiter girls to provide them with something to drink.

The officer now produced a photograph of Fletcher, and showing it to Dunphy, asked him if he ever saw that man.

Dunphy looked at the picture for a few moments and then answered: "Of course I have seen him. He was here two or three days ago, and had plenty of money, and some very precious jewels."

Bell's heart leaped with joy, as he heard the words, and he realized that he was again on the right track.

"How long did he stay here?" asked the officer.

"Let me see," said Dunphy, meditatively, "he was here, I think, a day and a night."

"Do you know which way he went?" now inquired Bell.

"No; but I have some one here that I guess can tell you more about him."

Walking to the door he disappeared, and after a few moments absence, returned with a young woman about twenty years of age, and who appeared to be far superior to the other females that Bell had seen on his entrance to the bagnio.

She was a rather dressy young person, with a rose leaf complexion and a simpering mouth. Rose leaf complexions are rare on the sundrenched, wind-swept prairies, and the more effective for that. The possessor of this one, fully aware of her advantage, was displaying the most wonderful airs and graces.

Dunphy introduced the gay cyprian to the officers, and as he did so, she gave them her delicately poised finger-tips with a bird-like coyness which the glance of her beady black eyes belied.

The nature of their business was soon made known to her, and without hesitation or the faintest idea of a blush, she informed them that Fletcher had been her constant companion, during his short stay at Coal Mine. She said he had plenty of money, and she helped him to spend it.

In reply to their questions about his whereabouts now, the girl said that he intended going to Thistle, and that he might proceed to Salt Lake. Further than this she could not enlighten them and they were compelled to be satisfied with what information they had received.

This was reliable and satisfactory news to Bell, and after lingering a few minutes longer and compensating the girl for the information which she had imparted to them, the two men took their departure, and returned to the hotel, well pleased with the result of the evening's experience.

Bell resolved at once to start for Thistle, but to his utter disappointment he learned that he could not go before noon on the following day.

So bidding the officer good-night, he retired to his room, and anxiously awaited the coming morrow, when he could again start on the trail of the fugitive.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

The first thing my operative did upon reaching Thistle, was to visit the Mountain House, the principal hotel in that locality, where he found upon the register the signature of A. J. Ratcliffe, Aspen, which was enough to insure him that he was following in the correct path.

The signature was under the date of the previous day, and did not show on the margin of the register that a room had been assigned to him. Therefore Bell decided that he had only stopped for his meals, and did not stay there over night. Pointing to the name on the register, Bell inquired of the clerk if he knew what train Mr. Ratcliffe had taken going west. The clerk could not or would not remember anything about him, more than he had settled his bill and left the house after dinner the previous day.

But Bell's hopes and anticipations were too high to be frustrated now by the churlish answer of the hotel clerk. The detective decided to again wire Foley at Salt Lake, to be on the alert. So boarding the two o'clock train that afternoon he went to

Provo, ten miles further west, and after examining the hotel registers at that city, wired his brother operative at Salt Lake the following message:—

“Package may arrive on any train,

“BELL.”

To which he received the following reply:

“Package has arrived. Come at once,

“FOLEY.”

This was glorious news to the indefatigable detective, to know that his long, tedious, and tiresome journey was at last to be crowned with success. Taking the first train, Bell reached Salt Lake at nine o'clock that night, and at once repaired to the house of Mrs. Brigham, where operative Foley had been boarding since he relieved Bell some weeks before.

On arriving at the house, Bell stated that he had brought a new suit of clothes for Mr. Foley, and would like to have that gentleman try them on and see if the goods were satisfactory. The two detectives showed no sign of acquaintance, and closed the door ostensibly for the purpose of trying on the clothes. While thus closeted together, detective Foley informed Bell that Fletcher had arrived there on the early morning train, and that he had kept close watch of him during the day, until he had registered at the Grand Pacific Hotel

under the name of A. J. Ratcliffe, and was assigned to room 63.

This name was the same as had been used by Fletcher in other hotels which Bell had visited, but he deemed it advisable to go to the Grand Pacific, and examine the handwriting and satisfy himself that it compared with the other signatures which he had seen on his journey. This done, Bell requested Foley to remain around the hotel, while he went to consult with the authorities.

Upon going to the office of the chief of police, Mr. John M. Young, he was received by that official, as he had been elsewhere, with the utmost courtesy and kindness and with a warm proffer of assistance, which Bell gladly accepted. He detailed the circumstances of the robbery and his long pursuit of the escaping burglar, and also his strong belief that Fletcher was now hiding in that city. The chief fully coincided with his views, and promised to aid him to the utmost of his ability.

Seeing the willingness with which Chief of Police Young desired to help my officers, Bell informed him that he would go back to the Grand Pacific, and, in company with Foley, remain there until the said Mr. Ratcliffe would put in an appearance, at which time they would telephone to police headquarters for officers to assist in the arrest.

The plan agreed upon, Bell joined Foley in the waiting-room of the Grand Pacific, where they watched closely every guest as they entered and left the house during the evening.

The detectives remained seated in the waiting-room of this magnificent hotel, until every other guest had retired, owing to the lateness of the hour—I A. M.—and as they feared they might attract suspicion by remaining up at such an unseasonable time, they decided to retire, that they might be the fresher for the following day, which was likely to be of an interesting character.

Bright and early on the following morning, the two detectives were up ready for business, and when passing room 63, observed that the door was locked with the key on the inside. Going to the office, Bell inquired of the night clerk what time Mr. Ratcliffe had retired, to which that courteous watcher of the night replied:

“Three o'clock this morning.”

This was sufficient information to warrant Bell in making the arrest, and requesting Foley to keep a close watch on Ratcliffe's room, went direct to police headquarters, where he met the two officers who had been deputized for his assistance by Chief Young, and proceeded at once to the Grand Pacific.

On reaching the hotel, the officers went at once

to room 63 on the sixth floor of the house, where they rapped and demanded entrance. Not suspecting that he was to open the door to a man who had followed him nearly three thousand miles, with the persistency of a sleuth-hound, the half awakened inmate obeyed the summons, to find himself surrounded by four experienced officers.

"Frank Fletcher, alias, A. J. Ratcliffe, consider yourself my prisoner," said Bell, as he placed his hand on his shoulder, "on the charge of robbing the Pullman Palace Car, "Mermaid," in company with one Ledger Wood, on the night of the 24th of May."

At the same time police Officer Grant produced and read the necessary papers, which made him a prisoner of the Territory of Utah.

Fletcher stoutly maintained his innocence, which is invariably the plea of all guilty men, when run down and placed in the hands of the law, through the efforts of what is termed, "cowardly detectives."

"You will have a chance to prove your innocence to your full satisfaction," replied Bell, "and no one is more anxious for you to do that than I am."

The cool, indifferent manner in which the detective listened to the ravings about his innocence

from this captured and baffled criminal, had the effect of completely unnerving him. After he was assisted in dressing himself, Bell requested the officers to search him. Whereupon the amount of sixteen hundred dollars was found on his person in gold and paper currency, besides valuable diamonds, similar to those found by the detective in the different loan offices on his journey, and bearing the trade mark of Tiffany & Co., with the following numbers on each diamond, viz. 708—5346—3106—902—1004.

“As the numbers on these diamonds will correspond with the record kept of them by the firm in New York, I suppose you will have no difficulty in explaining how they came into your possession?” remarked Bell to the prisoner, as he looked at the five sparkling beauties which lay on the table.

This remark was thrown out by the detective as a feeler, and had the desired effect; the prisoner's features became more firmly set, and began to take on a look of despair.

Before attempting to remove the prisoner from Salt Lake, Bell sent me a telegram announcing the arrest, also giving the number of the five diamonds found upon his person. This despatch was received by me in Chicago, early that morning. I at once telegraphed Tiffany & Co., at New York,



*Justice*

"I suppose you will have no difficulty in explaining how these  
came into your possession?"



inquiring of them if these numbers corresponded with the record in their office, of the jewels stolen from Carlyle Manning, in the Pullman palace car, "Mermaid."

At eleven o'clock that day I received their answer, in which they affirmed that the numbers corresponded with their record, and were among the stolen goods, taken from their salesman Manning, on the 24th of the previous month.

Although I had taken this step as a precaution against any mistake that might occur in arresting the wrong man, I had never entertained a doubt from the first but what Bell had arrested the real criminal, and lost no time in instructing my operatives to satisfy every legal obligation to the authorities of the Territory of Utah, in the form of requisition papers before bringing the criminal East.

## CHAPTER XIX.

Since the arrest of Fletcher he had assumed the most rigid silence, and it was with difficulty that he could be induced to speak at all. Going to the dining-room the officials sat down and partook of a hearty breakfast. Fletcher, however, did not seem to notice what was going on about him, but appeared dazed and dumfounded and pushed his plate away as if unable to partake of the food thereon.

Bell took the moneys and diamonds found on Fletcher's person and, securing them in a chamois bag, placed them in his inside pocket, where he would be sure that they would be safe. Fletcher gazed wistfully at the large amount of money and jewels, but never spoke.

Bell remarked, however, "You have been well supplied with money, I see; how did you come in possession of so much cash and valuables?"

"It was left to me by a deceased relative," answered Fletcher sullenly.

"All right," said Bell, seeing that it was useless

to induce him to tell the truth, "you will have a chance to explain that later."

All was in readiness now for the trip to the depot, to take the afternoon express for Chicago, and Bell informed the prisoner that if he would go along peacefully he would not put the handcuffs on him or brand him as a prisoner. Fletcher said he would not make any trouble for them, so the party started off together for the railroad station.

Arriving there it was almost time for the train and my operative took the chance, while waiting, to thank the two officers for their prompt and kind assistance, and after remunerating them handsomely for their trouble, bade them farewell.

Soon after they were speeding on their way back to Chicago. Tired and weary after his long search, Bell felt the effects of it, and ordering his berth made down early, retired for the night, but not before he had securely handcuffed Fletcher to Foley, so that there was no possible chance of the prisoner making his escape while they were asleep.

Bell slept in section 7 and Foley occupied section 8, directly opposite, in the Pullman palace car "Rambler."

The next morning, on reaching Grand Junction, the train stopped twenty minutes for breakfast, and my two operatives, with their prisoner, went to

the railroad eating-house where a sumptuous meal was served, but it did not seem to have any charm for Fletcher, he still maintained the stolid indifference of the night before. When they had returned to the car, Bell quietly handed him a cigar, which he accepted, and then asked for a match. After smoking for some time, he turned to Bell and said: "How did you find out that my name was Fletcher?"

"The way that we find out everything else," said Bell. "What did you want to change it for?"

"Well, I have had some trouble with my family at home, and thought that if I assumed another name and went West, it would be difficult for them to find out where I was."

Bell listened to him until he finished his story, and then turning his head so that he looked Fletcher full in the face, said: "Fletcher, those tales of falsehood are of no use to you now, and I don't care to hear any more of them. There is evidence enough against you to convict, and your only hope now is to try to make your sentence as light as possible."

"Upon what evidence have you arrested me?" asked the prisoner.

Bell saw that he was in a more talkative mood and replied:

"That is not for me to say, but you will find we have enough to convict, and the best thing for you to do is to tell what you know about this affair, and assist the officers in securing the valuables that you and your accomplice stole from Carlyle Manning on the Pullman palace car 'Mermaid.'"

"Do you think I would be convicted, were I to tell all I know?"

"That I cannot say. But the court would certainly be more lenient with you, were you to confess the truth and assist the officials in bringing the other criminal or criminals to justice, a confession would be to your advantage."

Fletcher thought for a while and then said: "Well, I don't know anything about it; I have no confession to make; I am innocent."

"Very well," said Bell, "do as you like about that. If you don't care to take my advice, which is for your own good, I have nothing further to say."

Bell decided this was the best plan to pursue as Fletcher was weakening, and before they reached Chicago, he would eventually break down, and a confession of some kind would follow.

As yet Fletcher was not aware that his accomplice, Ledgerwood, had been captured, which was the reason he so strongly pleaded his inno-

cence. Bell deemed it best not to tell him for a while at least, so the prisoner remained silent until they reached Glenwood, where he made some remark about the mountain scenery.

"Yes," said Bell, "the scenery is beautiful. Have you traveled much in the West?"

"No," he replied, "this is my first trip west of the river."

"Where is your home?" continued Bell.

"In New York State."

"Is that where your family reside?"

"Yes, sir."

Bell knew that he was not telling the truth, and merely asked the question to hear what the reply would be. Seeing that Fletcher was not going to say any more about his family, Bell told him he was informed that his family lived near Keokuk. "You see there is little hope for you if you keep from us the information we desire. If you refuse to help us, it will make it the harder for yourself, and if you do not confess, Ledgerwood will."

Fletcher was astounded. He buried his face in his hands and was for a time completely prostrated, when he exclaimed: "Well, if you have got him, I might as well tell what I know."

The confession of Fletcher revealed a life of dissipation which had been carried on for years.

"To give you the full particulars of this robbery, said the prisoner, "I must go back to my early life."

"Very well," said Bell, "do so, if you think best."

"For six years I was employed by the firm of Seaman & Benedict of Chicago," continued Fletcher, "and received from them a good salary, did a large business, and was well liked. But in an evil hour I commenced gambling, and then my salary was not large enough to satisfy all the demands upon it.

"After a while my firm found out the life I was leading, and of course to protect their own safety, informed me that my services were no longer needed. My wife soon learned that I had been discharged by the firm, and reflected on me so severely that I deserted her in Burlington, Iowa. Then I drifted back West, and followed for a time my favorite occupation, and made several trips from Salt Lake to Portland.

"It was on one of these journeys that I first saw Carlyle Manning, and at once the idea struck me that he could be easily robbed of his valuables while asleep in the Pullman palace car."

Fletcher's version of the robbery coincided in nearly every particular with that of Ledgerwood.

"What did you do with the valises?" asked Bell.

"We threw them into the Susquehanna River that night after filling them with stones, so they could not be found and used as a clew."

"And what became of the diamonds?"

"Disposed of them anywhere and everywhere I could get anything for them."

This was all necessary, as the guilt of both men was now established, and there was nothing left remaining but to bring them to a speedy trial.

## CHAPTER XX.

At the opening of the September term of the superior court at Fort Wayne, six weeks after the arrest of Fletcher, the two confessed burglars of the palace car "Mermaid" were called to the bar of justice to answer for their crime. Owing to the wide publicity of the arrest of the prisoners in the papers throughout the country, the court-room was thronged to suffocation by all classes of people, mostly from curiosity to see these men who were strangers in Fort Wayne, but who had committed their crime within the jurisdiction of Allen County.

Conspicuous among the audience was the aged father and mother of Fletcher, who had come on from Keokuk, and had spent much money in securing one of the best legal advisers to defend their son. By their side could be seen the wife of the prisoner, who, but a few months before, he had ruthlessly thrust aside, but who had now forgotten all his faults and thought only of his rescue and welfare.

Here also was the father of Edwin Ledgerwood, the only friend he had in that vast assembly. Though his face was stern and immovable, yet the quivering of the lips and the nervous trembling of the wrinkled hands told too painfully that he, too, was suffering beyond expression in the sorrow that had been wrought by the boy who, in his early years, had been his pride and joy.

Ledgerwood, who until now had kept his early life a mystery to the public, was found to be the profligate son of very worthy parents, living in Lynn, Mass. His father at one time had been a wealthy shoe manufacturer of that town, but during one of the financial panics that swept over the country, he was unfortunate enough to suffer embarrassment which stripped him of his fortune and left him penniless, to begin again the battle of life.

Young Ledgerwood was a singularly handsome man. Firm and erect, of medium height, his shoulders broad and firmly set, his features were finely cut and handsome, and his large dark-blue eyes were wonderful in their expression and at a glance would startle the victim of his anger or thrill the object of his tenderness. His wild desire to see the western country, and return to his native town a rich man was an honorable ambition, if the means would have justified the end.

When the judge had taken his seat, and the door opened to admit the two prisoners, all eyes were turned upon them. Slowly and with down-cast eyes they entered the chamber of justice, and, amid an awe-like stillness that pervaded the room, took their seats in the prisoners' dock. In spite of all that had transpired, and with the full conviction that these offenders richly merited whatever judgment they were to receive, there was not one in that entire assembly whose heart did not throb with sympathy for the relatives of the accused, and even for the culprits themselves in this, the dreadful hour of their humiliation and grief.

The trial was not a protracted one. The jury was speedily empaneled, the low stern tones of the judge were heard in timely admonition and the prosecution commenced. Upon the prisoners being asked to plead to the indictments which had been prepared against them, Mr. Gray, a prominent attorney of Fort Wayne, who had been retained to defend the unfortunate men, arose, and in impressive tones entered a plea of guilty. With the keen perceptions of a bright lawyer, he felt that the proofs were too strong to be overcome, and to attempt to set up any technical defense would only result more disastrously to his clients.

He, however, made an eloquent and touching appeal for the exercise of judicial clemency.

The State's Attorney listened with close attention, and upon rising to address the court said: That it was one of the misfortunes of the legal profession, that compelled men to speak against their feelings. But being so often associated with crimes of this character, their sense of touch became hardened, and whenever it was his unpleasant lot to be retained to convict criminals, he found they would invariably enter a plea for mercy. No one felt keener than he the humiliation and shame which these men have brought upon their innocent and defenseless relations, but the law must be vindicated, or society can not stand. He expressed the conviction that justice called for sentence, but there were elements in this case in which the wisest judgment would partake of the qualities of mercy.

At the conclusion of this request the judge ordered an adjournment of the court, that he might be enabled to administer sentence such as the law demanded under the circumstances. And with regard of tender feeling for the relatives of the accused, he deferred judgment until the following day.

On the following morning the prisoners were

again brought before the bar to receive the sentence of the court, and as the Hon. John W. White took his seat upon the bench, he commenced by saying: That he was but the mouth-piece of justice, whose duty it was to administer the law as he found it. He said the prisoners' crime was cool, cowardly and premeditated; perpetrated in the dead hour of night. He further said that in reviewing the whole case he could not find one single extenuating circumstance in the prisoners' favor, that could appeal to him for judicial clemency or mercy. He would not turn a deaf ear, however, to the eloquent plea of Counsellor Gray who besought the court to remember the aged parents who had entered the afternoon of life, soon to leave us in the gathering twilight, which was the only consideration left in their favor, and in whose behalf he would limit the sentence to five years in the penitentiary at hard labor, which was the shortest term the law allowed him to impose for such an offense.

In the Southern Indiana States Prison in Jeffersonville; strongly built and iron barred, whose huge walls of stone stand frowning and grim to resist attack from within and without; whose vaulted passages and iron doors defy the entrance of any except the authorities, here in these gloomy cells

the criminals are counting the time as the days drag into weeks and weeks into months and bemoan the fate that has overtaken them.

The pleasure and relief which the Palace Car Company experienced at the successful termination of this important case was evinced by the gratitude they expressed upon receiving the news, in personally thanking the able men who were placed in my charge and who so carefully followed every thread of evidence until they succeeded in running down two criminals who were evidently traveling in these rolling palaces, for no other purpose than to rob unsuspecting passengers of their baggage and valuables.

Carlyle Manning was no less effusive in his praise of my valiant operatives for not only capturing the thieves, but in returning to him either his property or its value, found upon the prisoners at the time of their arrest and to each officer he made a handsome personal present. The firm of Tiffany & Co., in whose employ Manning was engaged, rendered a handsome testimonial to the thorough and efficient service given their salesman, who had been so unceremoniously despoiled of his goods while traveling in their employ.

In closing, I wish to state, that although it had been extensively circulated by the newspapers

throughout the country that Fletcher and Ledgerwood were only a part of an organized gang, whose purpose was to operate on the sleeping cars in different parts of the country, that after the closest investigation, I could discover no connecting link that placed them in co-operation with any other men of that class, and I was informed of no further trouble in that line thereafter.

# A PALACE CAR DETECTIVE

## CHAPTER I.

During my service as a detective for the Pullman Palace Car Company I had charge of their work, on many railroads throughout the country, as well as a department known as "Train Checking" which extended to all classes of passenger cars and even freight cabooses. I found the Pullman conductor, generally speaking, a polite, dignified and intelligent man, who endeavored to perform his duties for the best interests of the company. The porters, were no less attentive to the passengers and ever ready to grant the smallest favor, that would gratify in any degree the pleasure and comfort of the traveling Bohemian.

I have found dishonest men among Pullman conductors, but not in comparison with the number that I have found among train conductors. My experience among this class of railroad men, has been humiliating in the extreme. I have on many occasions boarded a railroad car, at some obscure

station, under the guise of a commercial traveler and covering myself as much as possible from suspicion, seen the conductor collect five or ten dollars an hour in cash fares from passengers, and never render an account of a cent to the company when sending in his report.

I don't know of a position in all my experience that is capable of making men dishonest, faster than that of a railroad conductor. I am aware that conductors are poorly paid and that very exacting duties are required. They spend more than three-fourths of their time away from home and are constantly in the company of strangers, which causes them to lose all fear and become reckless.

"There's no flies on that conductor," is a common expression among my operatives, which means that the conductor is leery and suspicious and when collecting cash fares, he is always looking around the car to see who is watching him. If he sees that he is being watched by a stranger, he surmises instantly that the stranger is a "Spotter" and he at once by looks and signs, becomes one of the most awkward men on the train, which betrays every indication of guilt.

I have instructed my operatives, when checking trains, on different roads not to see "too much" which would arouse the suspicion of the train hands and render our service as detectives of no value.

All railroads require their conductors to issue receipts to any and all passengers who pay cash fares, if this receipt is not signed by the conductor it is invariably a sign of dishonesty, as no excuse will be tolerated for the non-performance of this duty.

Pullman conductors are expected to issue receipts as well as the train conductors, the only difference being that a pullman conductor must issue a check to a passenger who buys a ticket at the Pullman office as well as to the one who pays him cash for his Palace car accommodations.

On many far Western and Southern roads, where passengers board trains at remote stations, many cash fares are collected, by both classes of conductors. As the route on these long journeys is somewhat wild and desolate, much dishonesty has been practiced for years by both Pullman and train conductors.

So completely disgusted had the Pullman Company become that they lost all patience with dishonest and unscrupulous conductors, and discharged or reprimanded men so indiscriminately, that it is not at all unlikely that honest conductors often had to suffer for the dishonest actions of their associates.

If some intelligent inventor should construct a

machine that would register the number of passengers that ride in the railroad cars he would accomplish a work which would reflect unlimited credit upon himself and secure to thousands of conductors throughout the country the purity of an unsullied character and thousands of dollars in money to railroad companies, from coast to coast.

Among the many affairs, which I was instructed to investigate while an officer of this company, was one that had many peculiar bearings, which even years of experience as an operative and as a chief over other operatives, I must acknowledge reached beyond my scope of comprehension. It was not because it was buried beneath the network of deeply laid plans, or a conspiracy, emanating from the brain of well trained bunco men, that required the sagacity of equally well trained detectives, but which demanded judgment, discrimination and discretion more than skillful detection.

Sometime in the month of June 1890 I was instructed by Mr. John C. Goodwin superintendent of the Pullman Car Conductors, in Chicago, to get a check on Conductor Irving Hall's Car, which was then attached to train number 6 on the Erie and Grand Trunk road running between that city and New York.

By the term "Check" was meant that I should

enter the car the same as an ordinary passenger and, after getting the name of the sleeper, to carefully note the number of passengers who rode during the journey. Where they boarded the car and where they left it. The degree of attention that was given to each passenger by the conductor and porter, the condition the berths were in and whether the passengers occupied a single berth or a whole section and to particularly note the condition of the car before leaving terminus, regarding cleanliness, ventilation and general make up.

I entered the car that night just as the train was leaving the Polk Street Station and found it to be the "Ellsmere" elegantly finished in carved mahogany and ornamented with brass grille and polished plate mirrors. The upholstering throughout the car was of gold frieze plush, and the draperies, curtains, lambrequins, etc., were especially selected to harmonize with the finish and plan of the car and all other numerous equipments, devices and appliances known to the car builders' art.

The "Ellsmere" was a ten section vestibule coach, beside having a spacious drawing-room, and had just been turned out of the car shops of Pullman at an expense of twenty-three thousand dollars.

Sometime after the lapse of an hour, during which time the train was getting out of the city

and over the many side crossings, the conductor began to collect the Pullman fares and assign each passenger to his section or berth. As he approached section ten in which I was seated I offered him my railroad ticket, as if I did not understand that something else beside the train ticket was required of passengers who enjoy the magnificent accommodations of the vestibule car.

"This ticket will be collected by the train conductor, I want your Pullman Car ticket," he said with a smile. At the same time eyeing me closely as if trying to discover the Hayseed in my hair.

"What, must I buy two tickets to ride on this road?"

"No sir, but you must have two tickets to ride in this car."

"But how am I to get them, I can't get off the train now?"

"No necessity to leave the train, sir, you can pay me cash for your fare. How far are you going?"

"To New York."

"Then your Pullman fare will be five dollars extra."

After much scolding and commenting about the rich railroad autocrats, bloated bondholders and millionaires, I went down into my pocket and produced the required amount, for which he wrote out

and punched me a receipt, with all the courtesy and frankness that I could expect at the hands of any one, and furthermore informed me that if there was anything that he could do that would add pleasure to my thousand mile journey the services of him and his porter were at my command.

My object was to pay him cash for my Pullman fare without attracting his suspicion, and see if he would report it in his diagram upon his return, or keep the money, for his own use.

## CHAPTER II.

It was half-past ten o'clock when the train had passed the suburban stations and all the berths in the "Ellsmere" were occupied. One passenger remained unaccommodated, for whom no berth could be supplied except the drawing-room. The passenger was a young lady of very modest and unassuming appearance, who had been seen into the car by several elderly friends, evidently her relatives, with whom she had been visiting and who were seeing her off as she was about to depart on her journey East.

When Conductor Hall had discharged his duties with the most careful attention, he entered the drawing-room to wait on the young lady. There had evidently been some mistake in regard to her ticket, which was not known until she had entered the car. It would not do for me to make any inquiries regarding the entangled matter about which they were discussing, as I was very cautious that no interest should be shown on my part, that might arouse suspicion. I therefore simply noted what

berths were occupied, with a description of each occupant, and retired for the night.

Early the following morning when I arose, however, I took particular attention to observe that the drawing-room had been occupied by the young lady, who seemed to cause the conductor so much uneasiness the night before.

In my report, which was rendered of the trip, I placed a passenger in every berth and reported the drawing-room occupied, describing each passenger separately and distinctly, as to sex, height, color of hair and complexion, also named the different stations along the road at which each passenger left the car. I spend much time preparing my descriptive reports, in the most careful and minute way and whenever there is the slightest doubt in my mind regarding any fact that I am to mention, I always give the conductor and porter the benefit of that doubt. During this trip there was no doubt in my mind regarding any passenger. I had carefully observed each and every one, and had conversed with more than half of them.

In the course of a few days after sending in my report, I was much surprised upon receiving a letter from Superintendent Goodwin, informing me that I had exceeded the conductor one passenger, which I reported as occupying the drawing-room,



She was allowed to occupy the drawing room car.



and he further requested me to verify my report by describing the said passenger, as to age, height, complexion and dress, also to state at what point the passenger came on, and give her destination.

As I always have in my possession a complete account of all my trips to refer to at any moment, and, if necessary, produce a duplicate copy of the one already sent, I turned to my note book and gave Superintendent Goodwin a verified description of the passenger. I had no doubt but what the conductor could explain himself regarding this drawing-room passenger, and gave the matter no further thought, until a few days later, when I was astonished by the news that Irving Hall had been discharged from the service of the Pullman Car Company.

There was an air of frankness and honesty of purpose in this young man's actions and bearing that particularly attracted my attention, and although hardened as I had become in the detection of dishonest conductors, I would not allow myself to be convinced that Irving Hall was guilty of criminal dishonesty.

To disobey instructions is one thing—to be a thief is quite different. However, if every young man will carefully obey the orders of his superior, he may frequently save himself a vast amount of

worrying and annoyance, which would not come to him except through neglect of duty.

How many reputations have been blasted by a thoughtless action or a careless performance of duty; and to those who have no resources in the world to rely upon but integrity and ability, how important it is that the first should be preserved in its purity in order that the second may have ample scope for the full display of its powers.

But it is too true that the best of characters may sometimes prove insufficient for the task of shielding a man from dishonor. How many men have been discharged from places of honor and trust, at a time when their services seemed to be the most needed and without any cause given for the action. Many times during the hurry and rush, in transacting a large business, goods and money have been missed and rather than devote the time necessary to the discovery of the real criminals, employers have disposed of the perplexity by discharging the person against whom dishonesty could be justified.

In many cases a young man thus disposed of, even with numerous friends, has had his prospects blighted forever, and finds himself condemned without a hearing, punished without proof, and stigmatized as dishonest without just cause or proper investigation.

It is true that in a majority of cases it will be found that the person upon whom the weight of punishment falls is one who has been careless—has been in the habit of forgetting his instructions at a time when observance was virtue. But I have always thought that a proper inquiry should be made in an action which operates to the injury of a man's character, as well as that a careful attention to instructions is necessary to make a valuable employe, or a faithful servant.

It might be possible that the conductor overlooked some instructions which he was to follow—perhaps through negligence, or forgetfulness—but never through criminal intent. I therefore instructed an operative in my charge to look up young Hall, and in a cautious way, ascertain from him what reason had been given by the superintendent, for so peremptorily disposing of his services, and if possible; get a full statement of his side of the case.

This was a risky undertaking for me, as I knew Mr. Goodwin must have some good reason for requesting a "Check" on the "Ellsmere," and that through some act of this young conductor he had aroused the suspicion of the superintendent, which was followed by ordering me to inspect his service, and it was through a discovery found in my

report that he had been discharged; yet there was something about the case that compelled me to take the risk, to satisfy myself and determine whether or not Hall had been unfaithful to his trust.

I did not have to wait long, however, to get Hall's side of the case from the operative whom I had sent to look up the discharged conductor. It was to the effect that he had been dismissed from the service for allowing a young lady to occupy the drawing-room, who simply carried a Pullman pass, that was issued to her father and had been loaned by him to her, which she had no right to use as it was made out in another name.

He further said that the young lady had been escorted into the car by refined and intelligent looking friends, and upon going to collect her fare, found that through some accident she had forgotten her purse, but as she was going to leave the train early the following morning at Battle Creek, Michigan, where her parents resided, she did not feel greatly annoyed over her loss. Believing that she must be the daughter of some influential railroad man from the fact that she was riding on her father's pass, he, through a feeling of courtesy and respect for the young lady, permitted her to occupy the drawing-room, as all the other berths were taken.

"Did you ever meet this young lady before?" inquired Baker, as he was about leaving Hall's company.

After some hesitation the young man, who had paid so dearly for his indiscretion and forgetfulness of duty, replied: "Yes, several times."

"Do you know her name?"

"Alice Sherbrook; her father is a large furniture manufacturer in Battle Creek, Michigan, and is well known in Chicago."

The fact that the conductor allowed a passenger to use a pass issued to another person without getting its number and form was a serious mistake, which no large railroad would allow to be overlooked. By referring to their files the same as a banker refers to the stubs in his check-book, the company could have seen whose pass had been used.

I have known unscrupulous men to work into the graces of some railroad official to such a degree as to receive an annual pass over the road represented by the official, which would be given as a compliment, and I have afterward known this receiver of kindly favors to take his pass to some ticket broker's office and sell it or rent it by the day, week or month. Was this not a similar case? The Pullman Company had no means of know-

ing so long as the conductor had not taken the form and number when shown to him by the young lady passenger.

### CHAPTER III.

Irving Hall belonged to that class of young men who are constantly besieging the offices of large companies in our leading cities, to secure employment in some of the different departments in an official capacity—gain a secure footing and eventually realize that they are on the road to future success, and I may say here, that no firms have offered better chances to scores of young men of limited resources than have the different Palace Car companies of this country. It is not only an employment but a school, in which young men may enter, receive legitimate compensation for their services, and meet, converse, and exchange ideas with the best class of our traveling public, and I owe it as a matter of courtesy, justice and right, to say that many of the young men have shown their appreciation for the advantage afforded them to enter the employment of these companies, as conductors and porters, and from them have stepped into higher places, and to-day are honoring positions that honor them.

Some of the ablest and brightest railroad men

that we have in the country to-day first began their career in these positions, in which, by a strict and careful attention to instructions, they qualified themselves to hold responsible positions and superintend great systems which will cause the present century to pass into history as an age of rail and wire.

That these whispering tongues of ambition had brightened the hopes and whetted the pride of young Hall, there is not the slightest doubt.

He was the only son of a widowed mother, who built high hopes on his future with that intensity so often cherished in a woman's mind. Several uneventful years had been passed in a fruitless attempt by Mrs. Hall to secure for her son a situation in which he would be fixed for life, and eventually ascend to a higher and more lucrative position, both in the eyes of herself and the world, and the fact that she had succeeded in her undertaking now seemed a reward for her long and patient toil.

Irving Hall had occupied his position something over a year when I was assigned to the unpleasant task of inspecting his service in the capacity of a detective. I was not instructed to take into consideration his age, character or previous condition, but to note, and as far as I could, observe if he fulfilled the confidence and trust that was reposed

in him as the conductor of a Pullman palace car.

My duty as an operative was not influenced by prejudice or warped by jealousy, but by fairness, disinterestedness and justice, to both company and conductor.

But the edict had gone forth. Conductor Hall had been discharged for an omission of duty, for which he had no one to blame but himself. His noble and aspiring mother saw the aspirations of years come to naught, and the young man was to contemplate the necessity of looking elsewhere for a new field in which to cultivate his talents and chance of future prosperity.

Immediately following my "Check" on the "Ellsmere," I received instructions from the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad, to inspect the different trains on their line running from Kansas City, west, upon a new branch which they were then extending through the Indian Territory and Oklahoma, across the Red River into Texas.

It was on this road that the great robbery was attempted by the notorious band of Dalton brothers, when the United States Government bought the Oklahoma Territory from the Indian Tribe of that name, for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The amount was to be paid in silver, and was to be brought into the Territory on

two trains, twenty-four hours apart. The first train was to carry sixty-seven thousand silver dollars, and the balance was to follow the next day.

The officials allowed the report to go out that the United States Treasury would send the money by a Rock Island regular train, which was to pass through a certain part of the Territory during the night. Upon learning this fact, the outlaws secreted themselves near the road on the night the money was expected, and when the headlight of the engine came in sight, the gang was up in arms. One of the number placing himself on the track some distance in front of the engine, waved a red light, which is a signal of danger, at which all trains are supposed to stop.

As soon as the train came to a stand-still, the outlaws covered the engineer and fireman with their revolvers, and then ordered their prisoners to demand the messenger to open the express car door, which at first the expressman refused to do, but after recognizing the engineer's voice, unsuspectingly obeyed and unlocked his door, when the gang entered the car and covered the express hands with their guns, while one of their number produced a sledge-hammer and broke in the top of the safe.

Reaching down through the top of the broken

safe, they pulled out a few canvas bags which they thought contained the sixty-seven thousand dollars, but instead held less than two hundred in small silver coins.

On the following day the Sante Fe railroad sent a train over their road into that country, carrying the money that had been reported would be railed over the Rock Island, and delivered it safely to the Indians on the day and hour agreed.

These one hundred and fifty thousand silver dollars which the Government was to pay to the Indians weighed twelve tons, and it is possible that had the Dalton brothers been successful in this robbery, the money would have been such a burden to carry they could not have got away with but a small amount, before alarm would have been sounded, and pursuit started.

I required the assistance of several operatives to complete this check, which I was ordered to make on the Rock Island extension; each man was to board the train at different stations along the line, and occupy a different car, and after riding fifty or a hundred miles, were to leave the train at different points, so as not to be connected by the vigilant train hands, who seemed to think it was their duty to be on the lookout for "Spotters" as they call them, more than for running their trains and doing their work.

While I was engaged in checking this road, I noticed that new trains were soon to be started, which would run from Caldwell, over their new line, to the junction of the M. K. & T. so as to connect for Denver.

Upon the return of my operative, Herbert Baker, from his consultation with ex-conductor Hall, I began to look over the grounds, and after thoroughly debating the matter in my mind, decided that I would endeavor to throw open a door through which he might enter, and if he felt so inclined, retrieve his fallen fortunes; I therefore requested Detective Baker, to again have an interview with Hall, and inform him that there was a position soon to be opened for a conductor by the starting of a new train, on the extreme western end of the great Rock Island road, and that if he wanted the position, he, Baker, believed he had influence enough to secure it for him.

The United States Government decided to allow the Rock Island Railroad to run a new mail and passenger train through the Cherokee Strip of the Indian Nation, a country that had not yet been purchased from the Indians, or opened up to settlers, and inside of ten days events had so shaped themselves that Irving Hall was again in charge of a responsible position with increased salary.

The young man was astonished beyond measure, and as language sometimes fails before the spell of feeling, could not realize that such success was to follow upon his late misfortune. He did not consider thanks sufficient, with which to repay this mysterious friend, for his trouble and information, and so offered him financial remuneration, whereupon Baker told him that their pleasure was mutual, and to be allowed to share it with him was all the recompense he required.

It is a common error, I fear, to imagine that a detective is devoid of those finer feelings which animate humanity, and to credit him with only hard, stern and uncompromising ideas of duty, which only appear upon the surface. This is a grave mistake, and does gross injustice to many honorable men and women, who in my own experience, have developed some of the most delicate and noble traits of which human nature is capable.

For the first week after entering upon his duties, as a special conductor for the road, Superintendent Davis, of the Chicago division, detailed Hall to do special work on the suburban trains, running out of Chicago, so as to give him the instructions necessary to conduct a regular run on their road. The conducting of these suburban trains is considered

one of the most difficult positions that men are required to fill, owing to the large number of passengers that crowd the cars at different hours of the day.

Hall was at first set to work in the capacity of an assistant conductor, and given the management of one car, the second week he managed two cars of the train, and during the third week was considered competent to manage a train, independently by himself.

As soon as a new conductor is placed in charge on any division of the great railroads, a close inspection follows and shadows him, and the superintendent can determine in a short time if his work is acceptable.

After his third week's work on the suburban trains, Hall was instructed to report for duty to division Superintendent Hancock, at Kansas City, where he arrived on the nineteenth. For the first week he was placed as an assistant on the night runs between Kansas City and Wichita, which was followed the second week by a transfer from Wichita to Caldwell. Here he was given final instructions to take charge of the mixed train, operating over the new extension between Ninnekah and Harrisonia.

## CHAPTER IV.

Soon after Hall accepted his situation as conductor on the Rock Island, it occurred to me that a suitable inquiry should be made into the use that Mr. Sherbrook was making of his pass, which was given him by the Palace Car company as a compliment for their pleasant relations with each other.

An annual pass is given at the commencement of each year, and can be used only until the thirty-first of December, after that time it ceases to be effective, and another new pass must be issued in its place. A trip pass is issued for a single or a round trip as the case may be, and is effective during the continuance of that particular trip, but the time limited for the use of a trip pass can be thirty, sixty or ninety days.

By consulting the record in the office of the Pullman Company, I found that Mr. Sherbrook's pass was issued for the year, and was therefore an annual pass. The pass was issued to Mr. Charles C. Sherbrook, and no other member of his family had any right to use it. The company trusted to his honor that no advantage should be taken of

their courtesy under the penalty of being "Black listed."

A name that has once been "Black listed" by any road for some improper use of its pass, can never again become a receiver of that institution's favor.

I therefore instructed Detective Baker to proceed to Battle Creek, and enter into negotiations with Mr. Sherbrook, for a large contract of upholstering work about to be given for the Great Northern Hotel in Chicago; and after getting that gentleman well worked up into the imaginary deal of many thousands of dollars worth of goods, to be supplied on a cash basis to suddenly come to the conclusion that he must consult with one of his partners in Chicago, so as to close the deal upon his return the following morning; but upon looking in his pocket-book, he was to bemoan the loss of his annual pass, which had been given to him by the Pullman Palace Car company.

Baker dressed himself in the height of fashion, with silk hat, gold rimmed eye-glasses, sparkling diamonds, and watch charm to match, together with a cane, patent leather shoes, until his general make up was that of a gentleman of affluence.

Upon arriving at Battle Creek, he went directly to the Bryant House and registered as A. J. Field,

Chicago, Ill., and engaged rooms on the second floor. During the forenoon, however, he cultivated the acquaintance of the polite and polished clerk of the hotel, a Mr. Lansing, and after securing the confidence of this young man, inquired if he knew a Miss Sherbrook who lived in that city.

"Oh, very well," replied Lansing, "she is my sister's chum."

Baker did not place much weight on this line of inquiry until the clerk accidentally remarked that: "Miss Sherbrook was 'just mashed' on a young Pullman conductor, who passed through that place three times a week on his trips east and west," and Lansing further informed his guest with a grim smile that, "although you may be quite a lady killer, you would stand no show in winning away this young lady from the object of her affections."

The wily detective represented to his host that this was distressing news for him to contemplate, as he had met the young lady several times, and regarded her as his ideal of perfection.

"How does she meet her Pullman sweetheart?"

"Why you see," said Lansing, "her old man has got solid with the Pullman folks by doing so much work for them, and has got a free pass over the road, but his daughter uses it more than he does, and goes to Chicago twice a week to visit rela-

tives, as she says, but everybody knows it is for the purpose of riding with her conductor. But the report is going around that the company has caught on to it, and that 'Our Irving' with his brass buttons and blue uniform don't come this way any more."

My operative smiled with astonishment at receiving information which he could see was public property in that city, but owing to the close relations that existed between Lansing's sister and Miss Sherbrook, believed that it would be unwise to carry that pleasant and interesting conversation too far, so as to arouse suspicion, and therefore left the hotel, to find Mr. Sherbrook's residence. It was a two story house located in the pleasantest part of the city. On a wide avenue of elegant residences and a wealth of neatly trimmed shrubbery, and long lines of over arching maple trees merging into pretty vistas which seemed to invite you to the beautiful hills, uplands and valleys, with their murmuring streams, sloping lawns and well kept homes.

Baker strolled up the brick walk to the front door, and after a vigorous pull at the bell, the door was opened by a very prepossessing young lady, whom he knew at once was Miss Sherbrook, from the description given of her by the hotel clerk.



Baker was admitted by Miss Sherbrook.



He inquired if Mr. Sherbrook was at home, and if he could have the pleasure of seeing him, and being answered in the affirmative, he was invited in to wait the coming of that gentleman.

The room into which he was shown was one of elegance and refinement. The tastefully draped windows, deeply framed pictures, marble mantle and fireplace, gave the place an air of luxury as well as comfort.

Miss Sherbrook appeared to be about twenty years of age, of a very commanding appearance, and by some would be considered a very beautiful woman. There was something about her entire person that was strangely attractive to the most casual observer. Her head was well-formed and covered with a mass of wavy black hair, delicately arched eyebrows, and dark lashes, heavily shading great blue eyes, which would glance with coldness, or flash with joy according to the owner's will.

After a few moments delay, Mr. Sherbrook entered the room where a warm greeting passed between the two men, after which the visitor took a card from his pocket, and handing it to Mr. Sherbrook, informed that gentleman that he represented the new Great Northern, one of those magnificent hotels with which Chicago is abundantly

provided. He found Mr. Sherbrook to be one of those old-fashioned, homely-spoken men, which are so numerous among the self-made class of that state.

He had emigrated to Michigan from New England thirty years before, and by continual industry, honesty and frugality, had built up a large business and amassed quite a fortune. His honest, unsuspecting way and confidence in others' honesty which has ruined so many men had evidently been an element of success in his career, and he now could look back over a life well spent in the building up of a splendid home and an enviable reputation as a citizen.

His family consisted of a wife and one daughter, whom he looked upon with regal pride, and it is possible that had my operative traveled from end to end of this great commonwealth, a home so magnificently situated in every respect would have been something difficult to have found.

Upon entering into conversation with Mr. Sherbrook, Baker had no difficulty in making the desired arrangements for a large contract of upholstered furniture, although his host said that he had nearly all the work that his factory was able to do.

After some little time, as the conversation was commencing to lag, Mr. Sherbrook invited his guest

to accompany him through his works. Upon going into this large establishment, Baker saw nearly three hundred men at work, handling mostly hard wood, which grows so abundantly in the forests of Michigan, and for the consumption of which there is such little demand.

The pine forests of Michigan are as noted as the coal fields of Pennsylvania, but strange to say, there are millions of feet of other varieties of timber that is made no use of, and covers nearly a quarter of that state. With the exception of what little can be worked into furniture and a few other findings, the balance goes to waste, not being worth the expense of transportation.

Mr. Sherbrook had evidently recognized the opportunity to utilize this class of lumber, and for that purpose had built his large factory which carved, turned, and modded many thousand feet annually into different classes of hardwood finishings for the interior of offices, dwellings, cars, and steamships.

After spending several hours in conversation with Mr. Sherbrook, Baker made the remark that he did not think it would be advisable to close such an important transaction too hastily, but would take a little more time and go into Chicago, and make some further inquiries regarding the in-

terior finish of certain suites of parlors, which he had not thought about on the fifth floor of the great fire-proof hotel.

To this suggestion the manufacturer acquiesced, and the two men started to walk in the direction of the depot. After walking a short distance, Baker began to ransack his pockets, at the same time murmuring at his own carelessness, which attracted the attention of Mr. Sherbrook, and stopping abruptly, said to that gentleman:

"What will I do? I have lost my Pullman pass."

At which Mr. Sherbrook expressed his regret and wonderment.

"You don't suppose I could have lost it anywhere around your factory, do you?" inquired Baker.

"I don't see how you could."

"Well then," said the disappointed agent, "I will be obliged to pay my fare back to the city. That is all."

"Oh no, you needn't," replied the sympathetic Mr. Sherbrook, "I can fix you out just as easy as rolling off a log."

"How so?"

"Why, the Pullman people sent me out a pass some time ago and I never used it but once or twice. I guess my daughter has got it; as she

saw it lying in my desk, she went to town on it a few times, and I don't see why you can't use it just as well as she did. It is of no use to me. I always ride in the smoking car on the train, instead of riding in Pullman's gilt edged concerns."

The frank and unconcerned manner with which Mr. Sherbrook delivered his pass to my operative, evinced no dishonest motive on his part, and he was evidently aware of no breach of trust toward the company who had favored him with their compliments.

Upon the facts being made known to the Palace Car company, no intentional violation of etiquette was ascribed by them to Mr. Sherbrook's actions, and I was instructed a few days later, while on my way through Battle Creek, to stop at that place and return the pass to him with a full explanation of the mischief it had worked.

## CHAPTER V.

Soon after Irving Hall had taken charge of his train on the extension of the Rock Island, running from the Indian Territory into Northern Texas, I was surprised by again receiving instructions from that road to make another secret inspection of that end of their line and report it to them in Chicago.

I therefore took three experienced operatives, who were strangers to one another, and who were not acquainted in the country in which we were going. At the first meeting of my assistants I instructed them not to recognize one another, so as to connect us together, nor in any way be interested in each others' business, wherever they should chance to meet on their journey.

John Green was designated to check the smoker, and was to wear a blue flannel shirt, slouch hat, and other articles of clothing much the worse for wear. He was also to make an old black pipe his constant companion, and if any one was to ask his business, he was to be looking for a section of land to settle on.

Operative William Clark, the second man, was

designated for the coach, known as the passenger car, and Charles Lucas, the third man, was to occupy the chair car, each of these men was to dress differently, not in any way to resemble each other, and never to be recognized when on duty. When putting up at any hotel, they were not to register from Chicago.

Each man started from a different depot during the night, and traveled on separate roads, and after spending several days, stopping in cities along the route, so as to break up the trail, reached Wichita, Kansas, on the twenty-seventh, registered and occupied adjacent rooms in the Hotel Cary, where we all met and perfected our plans just before entering the Indian Territory.

At five o'clock on the following morning after covering ourselves from any chance of suspicion, each man reached the depot by a different route. John Green, who was to check the smoking car, bought a ticket to Caldwell, intending after he reached that place to come to the conclusion that he would ride to Kingfisher, so as to pay cash for his fare, between these two stations, which would be a test of the conductor's honesty.

Cash fares are of great importance in secret train inspecting. The conductor is supposed to render an account of every cash fare collected, and the

name of the stations between which the fare was paid, and while engaged in train work, my operatives were supposed to note in his report where this cash passenger came on the train, and where he left it. When the report of the conductor and detective reaches the office of the railroad company, the two returns are compared, and Green's report must show that he paid a cash fare between Caldwell and Kingfisher, and the conductor must also show that he collected that amount of cash between these stations.

William Clark in the second car, was not to pay cash, but to purchase a ticket between Wichita and El Reno, and notice if any cash fares were paid to the conductor between these stations, and must state in his report of this trip whether cash was collected in the second car or not, and if so between what stations did the cash passenger travel.

Charles Lucas, my third operative, who covered the chair car, provided himself with a piece of a mileage ticket that was to expire after the first fifty miles, and was to pay the conductor cash as far as Chickasha, where he would leave the train.

On the following morning I left Wichita on another train, with a new conductor, and covered the chair car as far as Chickasha, where Lucas came on and relieved me, I leaving the car at

the rear end, while he boarded it in the front. I used a ticket, and simply made note of the cash fares collected during my trip, and Lucas took the same conductor as far as Ninnekah, the end of the division, from which a new train continued the trip across the Red River into Texas.

When the train reached Kingfisher, Green entered the smoker, carefully nursing his ancient black pipe, and at El Reno, Clark came into the passenger car, carrying two large valises and had every appearance of a traveling salesman; as he used a ticket the previous day, I instructed him to tender cash to the conductor, for this trip, and Green and Lucas were to travel on tickets.

We had now reached the heart of the Indian Territory, tapped by the great Rock Island railroad, and saw stretched out on every side, for hundreds of miles, as far as the eye could reach one of the finest countries and the most salubrious climate, over which the sun ever shone.

It is one of the few spots on earth where cotton, Indian corn, broom corn, wheat, rye, oats and all other small grains, sorghum, millet, alfalfa, as well as apples, peaches, pears, plums, grapes and other fruits all grow to perfection on the same land. It is a natural small grain country, and it is a natural fruit country. It is specially the home of

the peach and the pear. It abounds in soil of great depth and wonderful fertility. Its climate is mild and healthful, presenting a happy medium between the extreme cold of our northern winters and the excessive heat of tropical summers.

The tide of emigration is working strongly in this direction from Northern States, and large settlements are rapidly forming. The immense tracts formerly occupied exclusively by the cattle men have been found to be of too great value for agricultural purposes to be longer kept from the dominion of the plow. These tracts have been mostly divided up and sectionized, and many of them have already been settled, and now present all the attractive features of busy and prosperous farming communities.

This country has been inhabited for a thousand years, by different tribes of Indians, and after these countless ages, not one mark was found, not one monument left, castle or city built, by which we could know that a race of mankind once dwelt on these plains.

Much has been said and written in defense of the Indian. From a humane standpoint, no one sympathizes with this lost race more than I. It is an interesting subject for writers and philanthropists to dwell upon, who have lived among

these tribes in different parts of the West; no ambition, skill, science or genius, wealth or condition has been discovered that can raise these people to a stage from which they can claim one single reason why they should cumber the earth.

The richest community in the world per capita, is the tribe of Osage Indians. Its aggregate wealth is ten times greater proportionally than the United States. It is held in common. The Chickasaw nation, as that tribe is now called, is worth fifty million dollars, come down to them through inheritance, while many other tribes are quite as wealthy, yet this great wealth is of no use to them, and the Indian race is poorer to-day than ever before.

“Alas, for them their day is o’er,  
Their fires are out from hill to shore,  
No more for them the red deer bounds,  
The axe is in their hunting grounds,  
Their pleasant springs are dry.”

The new Territory of Oklahoma at this time had been opened up but a little over two years, yet during this short period the white settlers had built three cities—four during the first twenty-four hours—innumerable town sites, hotels, colleges banking houses and great railroads, and had provided substantial homes for one hundred and thirty thousand families, and two hundred thou-

sand acres have been given up to fruit culture and all kinds of vegetation, that will thrive in that latitude, and their highest ambition is to bulid an illustrious commonwealth of greatness and renown. What we have said of Oklahoma may be said of every state from coast to coast.

It is less than half a century since the white man wrested that beautiful country west of the Rocky Mountains from the dominion of the Indians, but since that time he has opened mines that contain wealth richer than Ophir and Potosi, and has built up maufacturies and commerce that are as yet adolescent, but sufficient to magnify the greatness and glory of his name and although not of a people that wear either garter or coronet—proclaimed by no herald—yet he is welcome in the courts of princes and the palaces of kings.

Within the quarter of a century just preceding the first acquisition of California by the white man, it was transformed from the hunting ground of the savage to a land that rivaled in splendor and abundance anything ever described in the annals of sacred or profane history. In that short period there has sprung up not only gardens of splendor and vineyards from whose veins flow the nectars of the world, but men of many millions, by whose enterprise, intellect, benevolence and grandeur there

is not a parallel among the patriarchs of old. One whose name we may mention is that of Leland Stanford.

A correct type of American manhood he reached the Pacific coast from his home in Albany, New York, early in the fifties, a poor boy. Being the architect of his own character, he reared for himself and his country a fortune and a name the greatness of which will sound through the remotest ages.

He threw out the first shovelful of dirt on the Central Pacific railroad, and when the Central and Union Pacific met at Promontory, Utah, eight hundred and thirty miles from San Francisco, one thousand and four miles from Omaha, but four thousand nine hundred and five feet above the level of the sea, he held a sledge hammer of solid silver to whose handle was fastened wires affording telegraphic communication with the principal cities of the United States. Telegraphic business was suspended for the time far and wide. The last tie, a masterpiece of California laurel, with silver plates appropriately inscribed, was put in place, and the last rail laid by the two companies. The last spikes were handed to him, one of gold from his state, one of silver from Nevada, and one of iron, gold and silver from Arizona. At the first stroke

of noon he struck the gold spike, loosening the lightening which told the nation that East and West were united.

He firmly believed that he heard his unburied son's voice say, though in a dream: "Father, don't say you have nothing to live for. You have a great deal to live for. In that dream the university of the son's name was born. It is perfectly unique among universities suggesting that first one of all in Moorish Spain, to which the Franks and Goths went for the earliest common sense and secular knowledge. A great mission, as it seems, with Moorish courts and gates, and the burial chapel of the son central to all; the wide foundation teaches that caliphs and caliphates, the architects, the very race may die, but the things of beauty they created are joys forever.

He gave to it the Palo Alto estate of seventy-three hundred acres, the Vina ranche of five thousand acres, and the Gridley ranche of twenty-one thousand acres. The magnitude of the gift exceeds anything in history. Such munificence and philanthropy are unparalleled. The aggregate value of the estate and money was twenty millions of dollars; and the valuable properties which constitute the grant have largely increased since it was made, and will continue to increase for many years to come.

Senator Stanford was also deeply interested in the development of the agriculture and manufactures of his adopted state. His Palo Alto stock farm was known throughout the world, and his fortune was conservatively estimated at fifty million dollars.

## CHAPTER VI.

Two mixed trains were operated over the new extension of the Rock Island road, between Ninnekah and Harrisonia, Texas. These mixed trains were composed of freight cars, baggage, express and passenger cars, one train going East and the other West each day.

Beside the two mixed trains, the road operated three stock trains which carried nearly five thousand head of cattle a day, to the yards of Kansas City, Chicago and Omaha, and but for the pasture lands of this vast Indian country, the great packing houses of these three cities would vanish like a dream.

Several million dollars a year is paid by the stock raisers to the different Indian tribes, for the land upon which their vast cattle herds roam, and it is not an infrequent thing to see a white man who entered that country as an adventurer, married to an Indian woman—perhaps an only daughter of some Indian chief—who inherited from her father, thousands of acres of land.

When my assistants reached Ninnekah, I in-

structed each of them to cover a passenger car, and make a full and careful inspection report of the service rendered by the conductors on the newly opened division. The first conductor whom we were to check up was young Irving Hall, who had been on the road for the past two months, since closing his labors with the Pullman Car company, and I instructed my operatives to give the young man's work a careful inspection as well as the benefit of all doubts.

Conductor Hall's train started out promptly on time and was composed of a motley assembly of passengers, nearly half of whom were laborers furnished by the employment agencies of the different cities, and who were going to work on the extension of that road, as shovelers, teamsters, track layers, pile drivers or bridge builders, on their way through northern Texas.

These passengers traveled under the care of a foreman, who carried a pass for thirty-five laborers from Chicago, but upon reaching the works, found he had but sixteen men with him, the absent number having deserted in the different towns along the road, without as much as thanking their benefactor for a free ride. This condition of affairs was of almost weekly occurrence, and thousands of men were brought into that country every year

as railroad laborers, many of whom remained, while some became "globe trotters," others cowboys, hunters or ranchmen, and a few returned to the haunts and slums of their former life.

One of the most interesting stations along the road was Suggs, named after two German brothers who tramped into that country after emigrating from Germany in 1870, and began cattle raising. Their herds at this time numbered one hundred and twenty thousand head, and their average shipment was three train loads of stock weekly, during the fall and early winter, each train consisting of thirty cars, with twenty-eight head in each car. It cost two thousand dollars a train for transportation to Chicago, where each load would sell for from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars a train.

It was at this cattle ranch Miss Emma Hutchinson, the famous female cattle herder, first commenced her interesting career, until now there is hardly a state or territory west of the Mississippi where she is not known, while by her feats of horsemanship in exhibitions in the East, she has gained a national reputation as one of the best lady riders in America.

Born in La Cross, Wis., she commenced herding for the Suggs Brothers when a mere girl, and for thirteen years has ridden the western range—a

complete female vaquero. Since coming to the West, she has been regularlry in the stock business, and has practically lived, eaten and slept in the saddle, as it is necessary for those to do who go into the business of rounding up the troublesome Texas steers as a means of a livelihood. For weeks and months she has ridden the range alone, far from any human companionship, and endured all the privations and hardships of the frontier, exposed to death or captivity at the hands of the blood-thirsty Sioux, or that worse death and hopeless captivity which comes to the one far from help, taken down by fever or laid low by disabling accident. Through all these Miss Hutchinson has passed without serious mishaps, and except for the tan of an out-door life and the flash of an eye which never knew fear, she would pass as a quiet and withal cultured young woman of the West, who has been reared beneath the paternal roof tree.

Miss Hutchinson has made many long rides, but the longest as yet was the one in Montana, several years ago, when with a single string of horses she covered four hundred and fifty miles in seven days. During much of this ride, the range was heavy and the streams swollen by rain, and for four of the nights and days she rode and slept shelterless in a constant storm.

Among the Sioux Indians she has a great reputation, and many is the brave who has found himself badly beaten and his boasted pony badly blown after he had tried a race after the "lightening squaw." Miss Hutchinson is pronounced to be one of the best off-hand judges of horseflesh in the West, and given a bunch of horses, can usually pick the winner for a race. On challenge she has beaten the finest racers of the Crow Indians, and on one occasion drew down the praises of "Curly," Custer's scout, by distancing his boasted flyers.

She has frequently ridden ten mile races, in which the horses were changed every half mile, and has come under the wire ahead in the majority of cases.

In the cowboys' tournaments held occasionally in the West, Miss Hutchinson often appears and will mount the worst "outlaw" buckner in corral. She is never thrown, and during the wildest plunges and pitching of the bronco, keeps her seat with easy grace. Dr. Carver, in whose tournaments she sometimes rides, says he can do no better himself.

Miss Hutchinson, when in town, rides on an ordinary side saddle, but when out rounding up stock, or driving them on the trail, uses a regulation man's stock-saddle and rides astride. For this she uses the divided skirt.

It is not only as a rider that Miss Hutchinson excels, but in handling the lasso and using the rifle and pistol she is altogether at home.

In the care of herself and her horse during long journeys she aims to eat only the simplest food, and instead of stimulants drinks only milk, while oats is the bulk of her pony's feed, with a very little hay. Her horse is thoroughly rubbed down every night, and if she has any reason to think that he will be "salted" or in any other way disabled by contestants or any other ill minded person, she will sleep in the stall with her horse. Her usual mode is to get out on the road in the morning as early as she can see, and ride until ten or eleven o'clock when she rests and refreshes her horse for three or four hours. Taking the road again, she will ride until dark. She never rides during the night if she can avoid it, as it makes her horse nervous. Her regular weight is only ninety pounds, and with her saddle and blankets will not exceed one hundred and twenty pounds.

The first check which my operatives made on conductor Hall's car was not at all satisfactory, owing to the constant stopping of the train along the route to unload freight for the benefit of the road hands who were constantly making changes in their road-bed. Whenever the train

would stop there would be a number of strange hands get in or out of the car, who travel on their uniform. This made it entirely impossible for my operatives to get a correct check on the number of passengers carried over this trip.

Mixed trains are generally handled by two conductors, one for the freight and the other for the passenger cars. The mixed trains on this road were supplied with a mess car in which the freight-hands usually ate, drank and slept, and it was nothing unusual to see a freight car finished off as a kitchen with all the necessary cooking utensils, sink, pantry and a long table and windows on each side of the car, which the "guests" styled their railroad "hotel."

A mess car usually goes along with the work train, which is run for the accommodation of the workmen who were engaged in the building and repairing of the main line. No road in the far West pays more attention to their road-bed than the Rock Island system, who make it a point to have their ties rest on gravel or coarse sand, when it can be secured. This is done for the purpose of preventing expansion and contraction at different seasons of the year, when the freezing and thawing of loose soil makes so many tracks uneven and unsafe for fast trains.

Being impossible for my operatives to correctly distinguish the paid passengers from the work-hands of the road, great care was observed in their reports to mention these facts and that it was impossible for them to make a correct check on passenger cars No. 160 and 278 on the trip between Ninnekah and Harrisonia.

## CHAPTER VII.

Alice Sherbrook was possessed of that strength of body and mind, which is the product and development of western character and ability. That makes the most of small things and elevates great souls into life. They at first may be as untrimmed and untutored as their native surroundings from which they eventually assimilate a strength of mind and firmness of nerve which often places them among our intelligent teachers, most sensible women and often great social leaders.

The moral is, that a girl who is dressed to-day in homespun, and who is thirsting for a chance to reach out to a larger life, and who can snowball, drive cows or ride horseback, and "lick any boy of her size," in the school, is a product of our western institutions, that we need be proud of. We could name a dozen such girls of our own acquaintance who were regular romps in the state of Michigan in their girlhood, but who to-day are doing more than any others, perhaps, for the improvement of our schools, the regulation of our institutions and even for the leading of the social world.

They were not born in a large city, but they have caught up with the girls who were, and when they marry smart young men it is almost certain before they reach thirty-five years of age, they are in the advance of social life, and have the physical strength and strong common sense to maintain themselves in the positions in which they may be placed. Said a widow lady of middle age to the writer, "My son is the commander of one of the largest vessels that crosses the Atlantic, and once made the fastest time on record." This lady was once a country girl. To-day she lives in one of our largest cities, but her rural girlhood has never been forgotten, and the commander of a great steamship has in him the nerve and power that came to his mother from our western prairies, among people who are ever ready to meet the trying ordeals of life.

Our western women are timid when peril is far away, as it approaches their daring arises to meet it. Plebeian women, in desperate exigencies, are as fearless as the haughtiest patricians. Rank or no rank, they are alike, equal to the sternest obligation. Honest men who have seen woman tried again and again are eager to admit that she holds a courage that they cannot command. They are not brave to do wrong, to speak evil, to injure hu-

manity, as men so often are; but in the cause of good, of advancement, of pure unselfishness, they parallel Cæsar or Lincoln.

Although young and inexperienced, the shrewd and penetrating eye of Alice Sherbrook saw in young Irving Hall many of those noble characteristics and traits which always meet with approval in the eyes of either sex. He was young, intelligent and handsome, and although a gentle dreamer, she was not so blind but what she could see, that he possessed many of the noble qualities of her own ancestors, who forded rivers and hewed forests that they might enjoy the freedom of the West.

The shock which she endured when it became known to her that she could no longer meet the object of her desire, was, as may be expected, a trial severe and humiliating, however she was conscious that her affections had not been misplaced, that somehow or somewhere in the impenetrable future all would come well.

Two months of every winter the Sherbrooks spent in New York. Plenty of pretty toilets, and that strange, inexplicable gift of attractiveness were not a bad endowment for any girl. So Alice up to the present date could hardly be said to have made much acquaintance with actual suffering.

This afternoon she came plunging down the

broad staircase—I am aware that plunging is an unfavorable mode of progression for a heroine, but she was in haste, and was not very stately in her movements.

“I am going now, papa,” he said.

“Going where, my dear?” calmly.

“To Marion Coopers; I told you all about it this morning,” a little impatiently. “A boating-party up the river. Mrs. Cooper is going with us.”

“It is quite impossible for you to do that for Harry Joyce and his sister are at the Bryant, and are coming here to-night.”

“The old—fossil,” she said harmlessly. Then a half smile came about the rigid lips, and something like color into her face. “Has he intentions, do you know?”

Her father bristled a little, but did not speak.

“Oh, very well,” she said, turning away. “I might as well go and dress before dinner then, I suppose.”

“She took it better than I thought she would,” thought Sherbrook to himself. “Alice is like—her father—sometimes.”

When Alice called Harry Joyce an old fossil, she did him less than justice. He was thirty-six years old and unmarried. That is by no means sufficient cause for relegating a man to the fossil-

iferous period, but to twenty, thirty-six is an antiquity. And certainly about Mr. Joyce there was a sort of fixedness that might have been life once, but certainly was not now. He was courteous in the extreme, but his courtesy was cut and dried.

Mr. Joyce met Alice for the first time in New York the winter before. He was the only surviving member of a very wealthy family, and for years had been engaged in the banking business in New York City, and was the owner of an elegant mansion at Irvington on the Hudson. There had always seemed to him plenty of time in the future for settling himself with a wife, and as yet the favored damsel had not presented herself. But that winter he had heard one of his nieces remark flippantly:—

“Uncle Harry is getting to be a confirmed old bachelor. They are much worse than old maids.”

It set him to thinking. It was like a flash of light on facts, and about that time he met Alice Sherbrook.

He had his ideals, of course, and certainly the young lady did not realize one of them. She was not a stately, dignified creature, invested with the importance of wealth of her own. She was slight and quick of gesture and speech. More than that, she met his staid and solemn advances with an in-

difference that first amazed and then piqued him. He intended his manner to show that he regarded her with especial favor, and he supposed she would be impressed thereby.

Harry Joyce was now certain that he had met his fate, he was her constant companion during her stay in New York and, was growing more and more interested in her.

On the day following Mr. Joyce's visit to the Sherbrooks, Mr. Sherbrook, in conversation with his daughter, said laughingly: "By the way, my dear, Mr. Joyce is very impressive in his attentions to you, and it would be wrong, indeed, for any girl to let such a leading of Providence go unimproved through carelessness."

"Do you mean that I am to marry—an old man like him?"

"Old man; why, Alice, Mr. Joyce is a very rich man."

"He can't buy me."

"What are you going to do. What future have you planned for yourself, may I inquire?"

"I haven't planned. But I suppose I will fall in love with a man some day and marry him."

"I am particularly desirous that you treat Mr. Joyce with politeness and respect."

"Oh, certainly," she replied and left the room.

About a month had passed since Hall had been discharged from the service of the Pullman Company, and Alice had heard nothing of her manly lover; could it be that he had forgotten her? perhaps he had met some other whose charms were more attractive to him, or was he despondent over his misfortune? if the latter was the cause of his silence, she would find out where he was, and no barrier should prevent their meeting.

The summer was now wearing away, and this afternoon she was alone in the precisely ordered library. Moved by some sudden impulse for which she could find no earthly reason she crossed the room and tried the lid of her father's desk. For the first time since she was a child that piece of property was unlocked. And there under some papers lay two letters addressed to herself, they had not been opened, she took them in her hand and saw that both were post marked Harrisonia, Texas. There could be no doubt about it now, they were from her lover.

"Now then," she said aloud with a tone of triumph in her voice. "I have solved the mystery."

That night's post took a letter to Mr. Irving Hall, Harrisonia, Texas:—

"Your letters are in father's desk. If you have anything special to say, you may write again, and



Miss Sherbrook solves a mystery.



address your letter to A Stirling. I am in the good graces of the distributing clerk, and will get it."

## CHAPTER VIII.

As Green and Clark were the two operatives who checked Conductor Irving Hall's cars from Ninnekah to Harrisonia, I instructed them to lay over at the latter place for thirty-six hours and return with Conductor Gray, who was running the sister train with Hall on this division.

Lucas and I checked Gray's train from Ninnekah to Harrisonia, and met operatives Clark and Green who were to take Gray back, while Lucas and myself were waiting to return with Hall. Thirty-six hours after arriving in Harrisonia, we retraced our steps, this time with Conductor Hall. Lucas entered the smoking car, while I covered the rear coach.

The first duty of a railroad detective is to note the make up of the train, after which he is to get the number of the car which he is instructed to check, and which is printed in figures on the inside and outside of each coach. He must then note the number of seats on each side, and in reporting cash passengers, he must always state on which side of the car the passenger was located, and

how many seats from the front door. He must also state as near as he can what kind of money was used in the payment of this fare—silver or paper currency. He must also be emphatic in his report whether the conductor issued a cash fare receipt or not.

Hall, whom I had not seen for nearly four months, did not show any sign of having recognized me. He was performing his duty with the utmost care and courtesy, and appeared to be somewhat tanned and soiled from the effects of the country through which he was traveling.

Texas is noted for its black, waxy soil, which covers a red clay earth, and from this red colored clay the waters of the Red River are continually soiled, which gives that stream its peculiar name. The Red River rises in the western extremity of Texas, and like many other rivers in the United States, is used as the dividing line between Oklahoma and the "Lone Star State." Crossing into the southern extremity of Arkansas and thence through the state of Louisiana, and empties into the Mississippi river, one hundred miles above New Orleans.

The new iron bridge of the Rock Island railroad, crossing this river just as we are leaving Harrisonia for Oklahoma, is one of the finest water

girdles in the West, and surpasses in its engineering skill any of the great tressels that span any river in the world, and the view which we enjoyed for miles up and down this crimson stream is more startling in its wild grandeur than anything of the kind we ever saw.

Upon our trip from Harrisonia to Ninnekah, we noted twenty-eight cash fares, eighteen in the smoking-room and ten in the rear coach, for all of which Conductor Hall had issued a cash fare receipt. These passengers were mostly men who were engaged in the cattle business, either as herders or speculators, and who are always ready for a chance to work the conductor for all there is in it.

The train reached Ninnekah at one o'clock that afternoon, where we found an excellent dinner being served at the railroad eating-house, owned and operated by the Rock Island road, for the accommodation of all who travel on their line. The service was perfect in every respect. Among the desserts being served was ice-cream, in a country where ice was never known to form. The water which was used on the table was carried from Rush Springs, some twenty miles down the road. This water is dumped into a large tank, and used also to supply their engines as well as

drinking water for the surrounding country. The waters of this spring sparkle up from the interior of the earth, and it is a common thing to see people riding fifteen or twenty miles to slacken their thirst at this fountain.

At two o'clock that afternoon we continued east over the old section to inspect the train service toward Kansas City. One of my operatives left the train at Kingfisher, another at Caldwell, a third at Wellington, and I continued the journey to Marion, where I arrived shortly after midnight. This broke up the trail, and left no connection by which we could be identified as being engaged in the same line of work.

It was while engaged on this trip, from Ninnekah east, that I detected by the merest accident that a conductor was not punching all the tickets which he collected. All railroad conductors are supposed to leave their punch mark in tickets passing through their hands, and any ticket which is collected and not punched or cancelled, is as good as new and can be sold again and used.

During my long experience as a detective of railroad conductors, I have on many occasions found these men collecting tickets and mailing them to some railroad ticket broker, and receiving regular prices for whatever tickets they did not

cancel. I have found this particularly the case on roads running into Chicago, and it is nothing strange after a celebration in that city, such as a political convention, to find the ticket-brokers' offices flooded with hundreds if not thousands' of dollars' worth of tickets, many of which had been received through the mails, accompanied with a private mark by which each conductor was known.

I therefore instructed my operatives to make memoranda of the number and forms of all tickets they should buy, and furnish me with a list of these numbers, which were at once mailed by me to General Ticket Agent Mansfield, at Kansas City, with instructions to observe if the tickets bearing these numbers should be returned to his office.

There were two kinds of tickets in use at the different railroad stations along the Rock Island at this time; one was known as the paste-board ticket, so universally used by all roads, and the other was known as the book ticket. This book-ticket was made out in the same form as a bank check, and after being detached from the book, left a stub, which contained the number, form and price of the ticket, together with the name of the station from which it was issued, and its destination.

Upon receipt of my letter, Ticket Agent Mansfield sent out a general instruction to all ticket

agents, that the book ticket only should be used, until further orders. This was done for the purpose of holding a record of all tickets sold in the office from which they were issued.

After the issuing of this order, checking was for the time abandoned, and my operatives rode in all directions; the only instructions I gave them to follow was simply to note the number and form of each ticket they bought, its destination, together with the price paid for it, and mail these items of information at once to General Ticket Agent Mansfield, at Kansas City, and then use the ticket, and when the conductor was taking it up, notice if he punched it.

During the next week my operatives purchased and used over a thousand dollars' worth of tickets, and rode in all directions, almost continually night and day, and after that time I began to get a clew to a conspiracy that was being carried on by a certain number of conductors in connection with a ticket brokers-association, located in the City of Wichita. Upon receipt of this information, I called off my detectives, for fear that their constant traveling with the various men we were testing, might subject them to an acquaintance that would not be favorable to my success against this organized combination, which I saw was likely to turn out to be of very large proportion.

After talking the matter over with Ticket Agent Mansfield at Kansas City, that gentleman heartily coincided with all my plans for the detection and breaking up of this combination of ticket stealers and ticket scalpers. I therefore decided to take up my residence for the next few months in Wichita, or until I could get such information as would enable me to run down and eliminate from the service the men who were instrumental in defrauding their roads.

## CHAPTER IX.

Every one who has visited Wichita, located on the Arkansas river, and traversed by five different railroads, has seen an example of a city, sold to Eastern capitalists on paper, for enormous and fabulous prices. Thousands of dollars in money from the banking centers of the East, was for years squandered in this vicinity, with the recklessness of mendicants.

As the different great railroad systems traversed across the plains of Kansas, eastern people flocked to that state, firm in the belief that they had come into another land of Canaan, flowing with milk and honey.

The locomotive has justly been called the modern John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness, and bringing light into dark places, for wherever that great preacher of the nineteenth century travels, whether over mountains or across prairies, the tide of human intellect, turns its face, and we feel justified in saying that if the countless millions of money spent in sending missionaries into foreign countries was used in building railroads instead,

the Gospel of the new law might have advanced side by side with science to the better advantage of each. For no other power but the locomotive could have turned the great American desert into a garden that blossoms like the rose, within the short space of a lifetime.

Aside from what may be said of the soil of this state, it possesses nothing either in climate, mineral resources, water power, manufacturing enterprises, or health resorts that bespeak for it a great future.

This condition of affairs soon brought the railroad question prominently before the people as the only means of earning a livelihood after the crop failures which for several years caused thousands of farmers to abandon the land that had been so long to them an Utopian dream.

In their discontent the people of Kansas looked in all directions for the cause of their failures, and found the railroads of that state the only tangible clew, upon which they could fasten their talons. An account of the different schemes, concocted by designing conductors to get the best of a system which had opened up this new country to them, would fill volumes, but this one only I will recite as an example.

Upon receiving instructions from General Ticket

Agent Mansfield, I proceeded direct to Wichita, and after a few days operations in that city, succeeded in discovering a den of sharpers who, for a number of years, had made sad havoc with the different lines of railroads, as they entered that state.

It was a ticket brokers' office known as the Union Ticket Brokers' Association, which occupied finely arranged apartments on the first floor of the Hotel Normandy, and was operated by an intelligent looking man of about fifty years of age, who answered to the name of Alexander Belmont. Calling upon him one day, I explained to him that I wanted to purchase a number of tickets for myself and a party of friends who were about to depart through Texas for the Gulf of Mexico, and as our party was traveling for pleasure instead of business, the question as to which road we should rail it over was of small consideration.

Being a man of sharp, intelligent, nervous perception, he informed me with a smile and a wink of his eye, that he was master of the situation, and could furnish me with any amount of tickets on whatever road my friends and I desired to travel. Going into an adjoining room, he brought out transportation over every road running toward the Gulf, among which was cardboard, book and

mileage tickets. As I saw this man could flood me with an article I did not want to buy I raised the objection that I could use only the mileage tickets, but the handwriting on these made them dangerous to handle, at this remark the agile broker answered my objection by saying that he used a fluid by which he could easily erase any signature and substitute my name in its place, which was a states' prison offense.

I was so struck with the cool audacity of this man publicly offering to make himself a candidate for the penitentiary, that I commenced to open my eyes, and think who it could be that I was dealing with. I was not long in determining, however, that this was the same man who in 1880 appeared in San Francisco, and for a long time had baffled my detectives to connect him with his crimes, so as to bring him to the justice which he so richly deserved.

In an interview which was had with Belmont at this time it was learned that he had at one time been an extensive merchant in Australia, and failing in that, came to this country and engaged in mercantile pursuits in South America. This likewise proved to be a failure and finding that legitimate dealings were unsuccessful, he adopted the different kinds of criminality, which finally resulted in his capture and imprisonment.

For some time the passengers on the Pacific Coast Steamships, running between San Francisco and the Sandwich Islands, complained of missing different articles, and all expressed the belief that they had been stolen, but no information could be discovered that would lead to the detection of the thief or the recovery of the articles.

On the twentieth of May, 1880, when the steamer "Queen" sailed from San Francisco for Honolulu, on the passenger list appeared the name of Leon Brazeau, having made several trips before he was well and favorably known by the officers of the ship and by many of the passengers whom he had met in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

He was a Cuban by birth, and a fine linguist, speaking several languages, and having traveled extensively, made him a pleasant and agreeable companion among his fellow passengers, admired by all with whom he associated. Not a word of suspicion was ever directed toward him as the perpetrator of the robberies, while entirely innocent persons were looked upon with suspicion.

Among the passengers was Mrs. Lester, a very wealthy widow lady, whose home was in Monterey, who becoming infatuated with the handsome Cuban, earnestly requested him to pay her a visit upon his return, and she disclosed to him the fact that

around her neck she carried three beautiful diamond rings, secured with a cord, as she said to protect them from being stolen.

On the following morning just as the vessel was about reaching port, Mrs. Lester gave the alarm that she had been robbed of her diamond rings, while several other passengers also found to their consternation that they were minus considerable wealth; some lost watches, others money, while a few reported the loss of clothing.

Mr. Brazeau was according to his own assertion a loser, but he took his loss more calmly than the rest, and helped to sympathize serenely with the afflicted ones, and was loud in his declamations against the thief.

The captain ordered that no one should be allowed to land until all trunks had been searched, and of course Brazeau's with the rest; but, however, nothing was found that would in the least way throw suspicion on him, so he was allowed to go on his way, rejoicing in his own mind that he had again eluded the wily captain and officers.

After a short stay abroad, he again turned his attentions to the steamships, this time taking passage on the "Alaska". But he had overplayed his part, and suspicion at once fell upon him, for upon arriving at San Francisco, his trunks were

again searched, this time by one of my detectives, and it was disclosed that a separate piece was in the bottom of the trunks, and there was found the stolen treasure that he had been collecting on his travels. He was at once arrested for the theft, but in some unaccountable way was never convicted for his crime, and was allowed his liberty. Nothing more was heard of Brazeau, for some time, not until the latter part of September of the same year, when there was a daring robbery committed on the Mississippi river steamer "Creole," and like the others, no clew could be found to the thief.

Upon inquiring into the particulars of this robbery, I found that it was conducted the same as the others on the Pacific steamships, sailing between San Francisco and Honolulu, and in looking over the list of passengers, I discovered the name of Alexander Belmont, and at once came to the conclusion that Belmont was no other than Leon Brazeau.

But all trace of the thief had then disappeared and nothing more was heard or seen of Belmont or Brazeau, until I accidentally found him as related above in the role of a Ticket Broker.

## CHAPTER X.

After receiving all the information I could from Mr Belmont, the ticket broker, I bought what is known as a piece of a mileage ticket, with the signature of Frank Kimball to whom it was first sold, removed with the fluid used by Mr. Belmont for that purpose, and the name of Henry Semans, one of my traveling companions, by the way, written in its place.

It is the duty of a railroad conductor to punch and cancel all tickets which he collects, in the presence of the passenger from whom they are collected. If a ticket is not cancelled it can be sold and resold again with but slight chances of detection

During my conversation with Belmont, he offered for sale hundreds of tickets which had been stamped and soiled by use, but had never been cancelled. These tickets had no doubt passed through the conductor's hands, and instead of being cancelled by them, had been dishonestly placed with this broker to be resold.

I saw it would not do to arrest Belmont, until I could get further information as to who the con-

ductors were that were supplying him with these tickets. I therefore decided that my only course would be to open a ticket broker's office in Wichita, and conduct it on the same plan. This I accordingly did, and hung out a shingle, bearing the name of Travelers' Cut Rate Ticket Office, and placed one of my operatives, Charles Wilson, in charge with an office-boy and bookkeeper as assistants.

Wilson's first move was to secure the services of one William Gregory, who had been a conductor for a number of years on the Sante Fe, but who had not been working for that system for some time. The extensive acquaintance which Gregory enjoyed with the conductors on the different roads, made it an easy matter for him to work into their good graces.

Operative Wilson talked interestingly to Gregory about their future prospects, and flourishing a large sum of money in Gregory's presence, informed that gentleman that the financial standing of the firm of Ticket Brokers whom he represented, was unlimited, and if they found him to be the right man to work the "Cons," money would be no object. This nearly set Gregory wild with excitement, his fund of oaths and adjectives were also unlimited, and with the glittering prospect be-

fore him of entering upon a career that was to be a great financial success, he informed my operative that he knew of over sixty conductors who were at that time receiving a regular weekly salary from Ticket Brokers in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York, Cincinnati, Wichita, and other cities, for keeping them regularly supplied with uncanceled tickets, and with a string of wild western adjectives, declared that when he got on the road, he would show them —— City sharpers they could not have all the business

Wilson appeared greatly surprised when Gregory mentioned Wichita as being one of the cities that was being supplied by the conductors, and asked that gentleman if he was sure that it was being carried on to any extent by the other ticket broker, Belmont. Gregory laughed heartily at Wilson's seeming ignorance, and asked my operative if he had been long in the employ of his firm as a ticket broker. To which the wily detective answered that he had, but did not want to show his hand too soon, until he should find out if he (Gregory) was all right.

Whereupon Gregory pointed his finger, and said: "Wilson, do you see any green in that eye?"

Wilson smiled approvingly, and replied: "If I had, you would not have been the man for this work."

On the following day, Gregory left for Topeka, Atchinson and Kansas City, carrying with him several hundred dollars in money furnished him by Wilson, with instructions to make prompt returns of all tickets bought, with the name of the conductors from whom they were purchased, and through fear that there might be any mistake happen in the accounts between the two men, Wilson told Gregory he had better keep a memorandum of the place and time of day where each ticket was bought, so they could have it for future reference.

From the second or third day, Wilson began to receive letters from Gregory constantly, and after the first week by every mail. These letters contained from one to four or five tickets, all of which could be easily sold again, and which cost Gregory a nominal price.

With each ticket would come the punch mark of the conductor from whom it was secured. The punch mark of every conductor must be different, such as a shield, diamond, star, boot or spear, and by this mark each conductor is known, and in Gregory's memorandum the conductor's name was placed opposite to his punch mark, which was used as a key to the secret.

After two or three weeks Gregory dropped into Wichita to see Wilson; he had during his absence

traveled nearly three thousand miles, and in all this time his car fare had amounted to less than twenty dollars—not one cent a mile. As the price of travel on these roads is from two to three cents a mile, it will be seen that many of the conductors must have carried him over their run free of charge. From many of these conductors it is possible he secured a number of tickets at a time for which he paid them cash.

My principal object in getting this scheme in working order was for the purpose of eventually weaving a net work around Belmont, so that I could break up his nefarious business of selling these stolen tickets which he had on hand at all times, in such great abundance. I therefore instructed Wilson to try if possible and connect Gregory with Belmont, in a similar transaction as the one he had been working for us.

I had succeeded in establishing the proof that these tickets were first stolen by the conductors, and instead of cancelling them, they had turned them over to this Belmont, for whatever they could get, and were re-sold by him for half price. I had succeeded in securing the name of each conductor who was implicated as far as it was possible for me to do, and before giving any alarm, I wanted to secure evidence against Belmont.

With my previous knowledge of this man, I was determined not to trifle with him this time, but to get proof of such a firm and reliable character that it would be impossible for him to again escape from the justice of the law, which he had so often scoffed at and defied.

I further instructed Wilson to be liberal in his praise and pay for Gregory's services, and after establishing himself in his confidence to suggest to him the propriety of offering to work for Mr. Belmont as it looked very much as if he could keep both firms well supplied with goods, and I further instructed my operative that additional evidence against the conductors would be simply accumulative, and only prolong the period of their depredations, and to bend all his efforts towards securing evidence against Belmont.

The wily detective performed his work well, and after paying Gregory handsomely for his services, advised him to call on Belmont, and give him a full history of his success. Wilson further advised Gregory that he should ascertain who was Belmont's agents, as it would be wise for him to know all parties engaged in the same line, so as to protect and help each they, when either were in need of assistance.

On the following morning, Gregory called at

Belmont's office and offered to place a number of tickets in that gentleman's hands, on sale. The amiable and loquacious Mr. Belmont was perfectly willing to do what he could to assist Gregory, the only objection he could see was that he had so many agents now in his employ, and tickets were pouring in upon him so fast, that he did not think he was able to handle such a volume of business. After further parleying between the two men, however, it was agreed that Gregory should go on the road, and not only procure goods from conductors, but to frequent the different hotels in the leading cities and towns, and sell tickets to guests whom he would find stopping there.

This latter information startled me, as I saw that Belmont was broadening out in his sphere of action, and that every day I delayed, meant a loss of thousands of dollars to the different railroad systems in whose interest I was working. I therefore instructed Wilson that he must secure from Belmont, through Gregory, the names and addresses of his agents, so I could break up the combination by arresting the whole gang.

After several days of incessant labor, Detective Wilson succeeded in getting the names and addresses from Belmont through Gregory, of six conductors who had been the prime movers in this

ticket stealing conspiracy, and who had kept Belmont supplied with a full line of the "Goods" for more than a year, and judging from the amount of business that was being carried on, had made large sums of money.

I thereupon, without delay, and in connection with the attorneys of the different roads who had suffered from this conspiracy, had warrants made out and arrested the six conductors, upon the charge of stealing, and locked them up in the county jail. On the following day I caused the arrest of Belmont and Gregory, beside that of my two operatives, Wilson, and his bookkeeper, McDonnell. Wilson and Gregory occupied the same cell, while Belmont and McDonnell were also given apartments together.

My object in locking up my two operatives with these criminals was for the purpose of securing a further confession which could be used as evidence in their approaching trial, and to what extent we accomplished this object will be told in the succeeding chapter.

## CHAPTER XI.

On the following morning after making the arrests, the condition of these prisoners, especially some of the conductors, was pitiful to behold, and their families who had always maintained a respectable position in the community, were overwhelmed with mortification and shame.

The regular salary of these conductors was one hundred and fifty dollars a month, which was sufficient to keep them and their families in a respectable condition of independence, and they were looked upon with respect by the thousands of travelers who met them in the discharge of their official duty. They had entered the employ of the road at a small and moderate salary, and had worked their way up to a position of honor and trust, which was appreciated and reciprocated by scores of their superiors.

They now sat behind prison bars, meditating how, for a small gain, they had dashed from themselves the result of many years of toil, perseverance and promotion, leaving no other alternative

but discharge and disgrace from their present position, if not a term of imprisonment.

The rules followed in the employment department of all railroads requires a man seeking employment from another road, to furnish a proper discharge from the system where he was last employed. In case this honorable discharge is not received by the retiring operative, he is debarred from all future employment by any other railroad, and must seek a position in some other avocation of life.

In the conversation which passed between Wilson and Gregory, while occupying their prison cells, during the next two days, they talked freely to each other about their operations as ticket scalpers and the ex-conductor gave the detective jail-bird a full confession of all that passed between him and Belmont.

As I had used Gregory simply as a tool to serve the ends of justice in breaking up this conspiracy of railroad thieves, and had in every way accomplished the work through his assistance, I felt it my duty to protect him from any further prosecution or confinement, and after he had given a full statement of his connection with the affair, I had him discharged, after seeing he was well recompensed for his trouble.

McDonnell pursued the same course with Belmont as Wilson had with Gregory, by endeavoring to secure from him a confession. He kept telling Belmont that he was going to confess and tell all he knew about the matter.

After continuing in this strain for two days, I had the authorities offer McDonnell his liberty in case he would make a confession, so as to see what effect this change would have on Belmont, who maintained a firm reserve, and refused to free himself on the subject.

McDonnell accepted the offer made by the authorities, and said he would confess all he knew about the matter, whereupon Sheriff Bugbee, and State's Attorney Whittaker, of Wichita went to the prison ostensibly for the purpose of taking McDonnell's confession. Upon arriving there, the sheriff took from his pocket the written confession of Gregory and Wilson, in which they implicated both Belmont and McDonnell in the conspiracy to defraud the railroads, and read it to the prisoners.

After hearing these documents read, McDonnell started in and made a clean breast of his connection with the conspiracy in the presence of his fellow prisoner, who sat like a statue, pale and motionless.

My object in trying to get a confession from these men, was for the purpose of inducing them to give up the money, which had been stolen during this conspiracy. The amount taken was in the neighborhood of seventy thousand dollars; in connection with this, it would cost the railroads twenty thousand dollars to get a conviction. I therefore determined that the wisest policy was to secure a confession, and then compromise, if they would return the stolen money. To accomplish this I held out every inducement which was allowed by law, to get these men to buy their liberty with their ill-gotten gains.

After taking McDonnell's confession, the officers allowed the penitent to go at liberty. Belmont, who had listened through it all, appeared undecided, dazed and confounded, like one in the midst of serious meditation, but showed no signs of his intentions in the matter; soon the officers withdrew, leaving him in solitude to decide his own fate. I then turned my attention to the six conductors, who until this time had made no effort to secure bail, and I requested the officers to approach each man separately, and read to them the three written confessions which was already made out.

When Sheriff Bugbee and State's Attorney Whit-

taker reached the prison in which these men were confined, they found the prisoners had improved the time during their confinement with serious meditation, and that they were on the border of true repentance for the follies which had wrecked their homes and ruined them.

With the skill of a learned and experienced lawyer, the State's Attorney informed Aaron Swift, the conductor in whose cell he first called, that he was preparing for their trial and arraignment before the grand jury, which he expected would take place during the present week, on the charge of theft and larceny. He then informed the prisoner that he had already secured evidence enough against them to warrant a conviction, and drawing from his pocket the confessions of the three men, read them slowly and carefully, so that no word should be lost on the imprisoned conspirator.

After reading the three confessions to Swift, Lawyer Whittaker became more genial and sympathetic in his conversation, and told the conductor that during his long professional career he had met with a number of cases similar to the one it was now his unpleasant duty to prosecute, and that he invariably found the temperament and disposition of the accused had its influence on the court. "Why," said the able counselor, "I have often

known the spectators in the court room, who sit outside the railing listening to a trial by a jury, to so influence that body by the expression on their faces, as to 'hang up' the chosen twelve by causing them to disagree, which would eventually result in the acquittal of the prisoner."

Attorney Whittaker's pleasant and happy mood in relating the anecdotes of his profession, soon made the conductor feel like himself again, as it caused him to remember the winning style of his passengers, whose companionship he so much enjoyed. After the conversation of these two men had mellowed into familiarity with each other, the prisoner began in a jocular strain, by instructing Mr. Whittaker not to keep him away from home too long after the trial, which was to result in his conviction. To this the fertile lawyer replied: "You have no need to be away from home at all; if you will simply give me a plain statement of the facts, I will guarantee that you will walk out of this jail a free man."

This was an agreeable termination which both men ardently desired, and after further consultation the conductor agreed that beside making a confession of his crooked methods in defrauding the road, he would turn over to Lawyer Whittaker whatever property he was then possessed of, and as far

as lay in his power, make every restitution he could to the company, if, on the other hand, they would promise not to prosecute him.

The prisoner then began by making a statement in which he said that he had been in the employment of the railroad for about twelve years, and during that time had received in wages over fifteen thousand dollars, beside being allowed an annual vacation every year at the expense of the company. But that after such long service in their employment, he commenced to think he was entitled to an increase of salary. As the road had reached the limit which they pay their conductors, he was refused.

About this time Swift said he was approached by a man named Belmont, who was then traveling extensively as a ticket broker. While occupying the same seat with him one day in the smoking car, he asked him how he would like an increase of salary.

"Just what I have been trying to get," replied the conductor.

"Well," said Belmont, "I guess we can arrange that little matter with you."

At this meeting, according to Swift's statement, the conspiracy had been formed, something over a year before, and during the time of his con-

nection with Belmont, he had sent that individual six thousand dollars worth of uncanceled tickets, for which he had been paid about two thousand dollars, and Belmont still owed him a large sum at the time of his arrest.

This was such an important addition to our success that I instructed the State's Attorney and sheriff to take this written statement of Swift's, together with the other three, and make a similar visit to the remaining five conductors, and if possible, secure confessions by offering to compromise.

The officers, who were highly elated at the success we had so far attained, acted upon my advice, and visited James Scott, William Freeman, Samuel Bliss, Frank Holmes and Edward Langtry, the other conductors, separately in their cells, and spent the entire day in securing from them statements of their complicity in the crime. These men had the satisfaction of hearing read the confessions of their brother criminals, in which they acknowledged having forwarded to Belmont, any where from three to five thousand dollars worth of uncanceled tickets, to be resold again by him at half or two thirds of their actual value.

Together with writing the statements of these six men, the State's Attorney secured the transfer of real and personal property from each one, to an

aggregate of over twenty-three thousand dollars, which I had placed in the hands of the different roads that had been victimized.

## CHAPTER XII.

Feeling a legitimate pride in the progress I had made in capturing and breaking up one of the most notorious gangs of ticket stealing conductors which infested the West, under the leadership of this Belmont, I felt my work was not as yet complete until I had secured the money he had received for these stolen tickets, or given him his just deserts by a long term in the state penitentiary. I intended to try the former, and in case I did not succeed, was determined to push the latter.

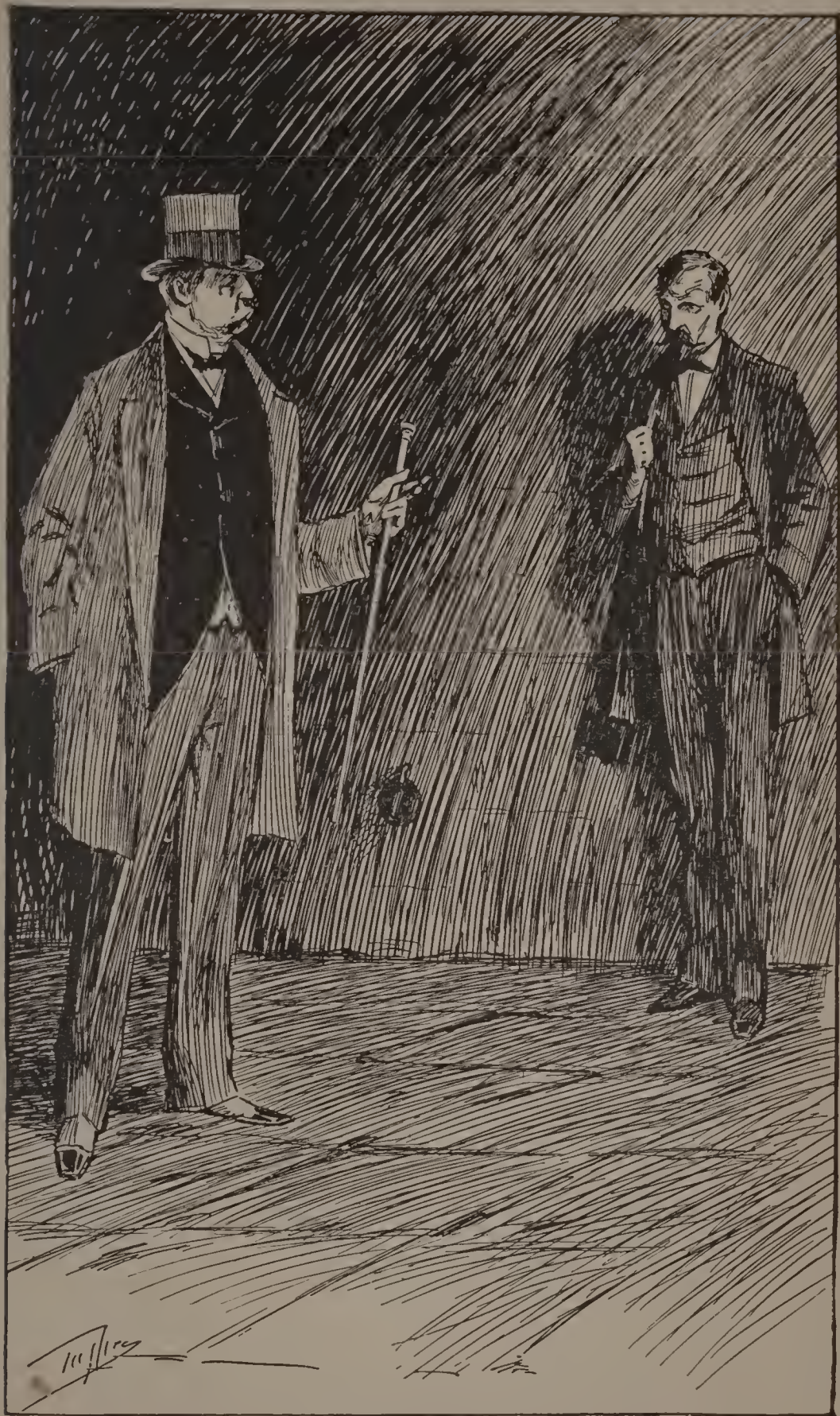
As near as I could learn, Belmont's transactions had extended well into the thousands, and what had become of this money which he had made, was still an unsolved mystery. I could not find any bank account on the books of any financial institutions in the city of Wichita, and on the day of his arrest, when his office and safe were searched, there was but six hundred dollars in money, together with about a thousand dollars worth of tickets anywhere in sight. From my previous knowledge of this man's former life, when he was first detected, through one of my operatives, on the steamship

"Alaska," plying between Honolulu and San Francisco, where it was discovered that he possessed a mania for secreting all valuables that got into his possession in the sides and bottom of his trunks, I knew this was only a fractional part of Belmont's holdings which he had realized through his dupes.

I therefore informed the sheriff that we might be obliged to coax into our service a sledge hammer, axe and crowbar, before we got to the bottom of this investigation. At this remark that worthy officer could not suppress his humor, and said that I must be going to dig deep for the solution of this mystery.

I decided that we should first give Belmont the same chance we had given the conductors; so I instructed the two officers that had been so successful in the former operation to handle his case, and to apprise him of the full enormity of his crime, as well as the preponderance of evidence that was against him.

Going to Belmont's cell, the two officers informed the prisoner that they had secured a full confession from the conductors, who had constituted with him the principal conspirators in the whole transaction. Beside this they had found tickets in his office at the time of his arrest, which had been identified by these men as the ones sold to the broker, and therefore had established a chain



The choice of liberty or imprisonment for life.

Pullman Car Detective.



of evidence so securely around the prisoner, that escape of any form could not be entertained, unless it should be accomplished in the same way as by his partners in crime, which was a full confession and a complete restoration of the money procured for the sale of the stolen tickets.

This offer of a confession and a restoration as the price of his liberty Belmont readily accepted, and offered to give up the tickets, which were in his possession as well as the money he had received. With the keen perception of an officer who had been trained in the handling of criminals of the Belmont stripe, State's Attorney Whittaker inquired what would be the amount of his restoration in case it was accepted.

To this Belmont replied, that he had in his possession several hundred tickets, and about six hundred dollars in money.

"Oh, no," said the attorney, "you never can buy your liberty with that amount, beside, we secured all the available cash and tickets in your office on the day of your arrest. Your liberty will cost you thirty thousand dollars."

This reply was the heaviest blow that had been dealt to this king of bunco ticket scalpers, and with an expression on his face that betokened despair, he found for the first time in his profligate

career that he had reached the end of his rope, and had been tracked to his lair, but not until I had several years experience of wasting care and heavy expense.

"Where could I get thirty thousand dollars?" he asked.

"Where you have hidden or secreted it," replied the attorney.

"I don't understand what you mean."

"It will be easy for you to understand it," replied Mr Whittaker, "when we get the crowbars and sledge hammers at work in your office, for the conductors who are to appear in court against you, have stated in their confessions that they sent you between forty and fifty thousand dollars worth of tickets, and that money is somewhere in your possession, and you have got but one choice in this matter, to return it or spend the remainder of your life in servile bondage behind prison bars."

The character of the lawyer's reply, the tone of his voice, the defiant expression of his eye, and the firmly set features, was one of the strongest combinations of physical and mental determination to accomplish the ends of justice that this outlaw ever encountered. That supreme confidence which had stood by him during his former years, that elegant address, and fertile conversational powers were a

lost art, and would not come to his rescue when confronted with a full realization of a criminality that he had often succeeded in placing at the door of the innocent. Little did he realize that the facts with which he was now confronted had been accomplished after months of persistent struggle by both myself and my operatives.

"Your case will be called for trial the day after to-morrow," casually remarked Mr. Whittaker, as he arose, determined to spend no further time with this man who held his fate in his own hands, "and you will have a chance to hear your own dupes give the testimony that will make this one of the most memorable cases of extortion and larceny that has occupied our criminal courts for many years."

The moment a criminal case is entered on the records of any court to be exposed for trial, no compromise can be effected outside of the chamber of judgment. Belmont was therefore too shrewd a criminal to allow his fate to be weighed in the balance, as he had no defense to offset the statement of the six conductors who were now determined to clear themselves, regardless of the cost to the man who had wrought their ruin.

The ordinary penalty of the law for the offense with which Belmont was charged in the state of Kansas, was twenty years in the penitentiary. To

face a court with such desperate odds against him meant a conviction, and a conviction to a man of his age meant life imprisonment, as there was not the slightest hope of a pardon, and the day he crossed the threshold that led behind prison walls, that day he left all hopes behind.

"Could I see you to-morrow?" asked Belmont of Mr. Whittaker.

"If I can be of any service to you," courteously replied that gentleman, "but if not, don't ask for too much of my time, as I have other important matters which I have neglected since treating with the principals of this case."

"I want to prepare a statement similar to these men, who have drawn me into this conspiracy."

"Very well," remarked the State's Attorney, "but remember that a statement without restitution of the large sums of money that have come into your hands while engaged in this business, will be of no use to you."

The prisoner acquiesced in Mr. Whittaker's advice, and the professional gentleman took his departure with a promise to return the following day.

It has been said that a thief could not be happy, although he had the riches of Cræsus, the empire of Cyrus and the glory of Alexander, and to any one who could have looked into the glassy eyes,

distorted features, and heavy assemblage on the following morning of this man, who once charmed courtiers and fascinated ladies with his elegant range of discourse, and who was now about to buy his liberty with the ill-gotten gains of a life-time, would never have doubted the truth of this proverb.

He had evidently spent the night in remorse and humiliation, which chased refreshing slumber far from his couch, and as the time began to arrive for the sheriff and attorney to make their appearance, he became nervous, distrustful and suspicious. He felt that he could trust no one, not even himself in his desperate task, which meant either a life of imprisonment, or a life of liberty coupled with poverty and disgrace. For him there was no future, for him there was no past. His photograph with a history of his crime I had sent broadcast, and would follow him like his shadow to the most distant realms.

Precisely at ten o'clock the ponderous iron gate swung open, admitting State's Attorney Whittaker and Sheriff Bugbee into the prison where Belmont was confined. Contrary to my usual custom I decided to accompany these officers and see for myself the final termination of this remarkable case.

We were shown at once into the office, and a few moments later the manacled prisoner was brought in

by the jailer and his warden. The officers and Belmont at once entered into a conversation which Mr. Whittaker said must be brief and to the point, as he had no further time for dalliance. This peremptory step was taken at my suggestion, to give this prisoner to understand that the entire amount of his stealings must be delivered up, or he would be presented to the court that afternoon or the following morning.

He showed the same disinclination to talk that he had done on all previous occasions, and simply said if we would take him to his office, he would deliver up to us everything he was possessed of. This offer was at once accepted, as I knew the odds were too great to risk delay.

Upon arriving at his office, which had been kept under strict surveillance by one of my operatives since the arrest some days before, Belmont gave us the combinations by which we opened his safe, and in different apartments of the interior, found some of the much coveted spoils. I showed no approval or satisfaction at the result, as it consisted of about four thousand dollars in gold and miscellaneous valuables, with another package of about one hundred tickets, not yet disposed of.

Here Belmont again began his game of bluff by telling us that this was all he was possessed of.

To this statement I would pay no attention, and ordered the sheriff to get a crowbar and sledge hammer, so we could commence a general demoralization. This was the last straw that broke the camel's back, and the prisoner, throwing up his hands, told us not to break his safe, which he had owned for many years.

He thereupon commenced to draw out the shelves of the apartments from its interior, and after going through a number of mechanical contrivances, the inside compartments were all removed, and the linings of the three sides of the safe fell in, and there appeared before the eyes of my astonished assistants, money and valuables of over thirty different varieties, among which were bracelets, watches, precious stones and sapphires, gold coins of many denominations, silver and paper money, to the amount of fifty-six thousand dollars.

Whether this man possessed any more money or not I felt satisfied that with the forfeiture of this amount of plunder, my work was accomplished; my clients would be fully recompensed for their loss, and I recommended that the leniency of the law should be invoked with the understanding that Belmont should leave the country. That we had secured his complete ruin I had not the slightest doubt, and the prisoner appeared like a man who

wanted to get out of the world as well as out of the state.

It was barely possible that we might have secured this money and valuables without Belmont's assistance, but knowing the sum was very large, I could not believe that he would keep that amount within the walls of this small safe, and for this reason I had the officers pledge him his liberty if he would turn over to us the amount he had stolen from the railroads. Although we had every opportunity to give him a term of service in the penitentiary, State's Attorney Whittaker accepted my recommendation, and the prisoner, on the following day started on a journey, accompanied by two of my operatives, out of the jurisdiction of our federal government into Mexico, where I had already sent a full description of him to the officers of that republic.

## CHAPTER XIII.

The different railroad systems in whose interest I had completed the detection of between fifty and sixty conductors, decided that a general reorganization of their force was necessary, and at once an extensive discharge of conductors followed. To each man, however, a full statement was made of the cause of his dismissal, besides offering him an opportunity to stand trial if he felt so disposed. But the alarm was too great, and with the knowledge of the work that we had already accomplished, not one of that large number accepted the invitation to defend themselves from the shortage noted in the reports of my operatives, or of the tickets furnished to Gregory.

It soon became a serious matter with the different roads to supply the vacancies that they were obliged to make in the discharge of such a large number of men. Some of their trains were entrusted to brakemen, who, if after a fair trial were found to be capable of filling these situations, were promoted to the position of conductors.

It often becomes my duty in case of a strike or general dismissal of this kind to direct my attention toward looking up and securing the services of new men in other cities, to fill the vacancies thus made. On this occasion I sent my operatives into Cincinnati, Cleveland, Albany and Boston, and after consulting with the general superintendent of different roads, regarding character and ability of new hands, selected over forty competent conductors who came at once and took charge of trains. Many remained permanently, while some worked but a few weeks until other men could be secured, and inside of ten days the entire change was complete.

One of the most important changes, however, that followed this reorganization, was the transfer of young Irving Hall from his run through the Indian Territory to one from Topeka to Kansas City, and I consider it my duty, in justice to the young man, to here state that this important transfer was made entirely on his merits, and not through the solicitation or suggestion of any of his friends. The change meant an increase in salary of from seventy-five to one hundred dollars a month, for the first three months, and a gradual increase after that time, until the one hundred and fifty dollar limit was reached.

Soon after the vacancies were all filled and the new men had got acquainted with their positions, I had my operatives go over the different routes, and again inspect the service on the various lines under the new organization. With but very rare exceptions, I found the service had been greatly improved. Conductors who had been watching for "Spotters" were now watching for the best interest of their passengers, and the success of their employers.

It is utterly useless for a conductor in any way to neglect his duty while managing trains on the different railroad systems at the present time, as I can say without the least fear of contradiction, that the moment I or any of my trained operatives enter a railroad car, so complete is our science of inspection, that we can determine after the first hour's run what we expect to discover, and when the day comes that conductors become honest men, on that same day the "Spotter's" occupation is gone.

I have known on many occasions of men being sent out to inspect the runs of certain conductors, and although the railroad officials were positive that this man was guilty of some lapse of duty, which merited discharge or being "laid off" for several weeks, to stand up and defend him by saying

that if true, it was an oversight, or unintentional, and that they would give him the benefit of the doubt.

The train under the management of Conductor Hall, which was a limited express, became very popular, and running between two important cities, was extensively patronized by commercial travelers and ladies going from one city to another. This class of patrons are never slow to recognize good service, and especially when received at the hands of the young, gallant and accomplished, and that this man soon became a general favorite among a large circle of friends must go without saying.

"I will allow no man do out-do me in courtesy," is a remark that has been accredited to Washington, but is as old as the ages. A small thing though it may be in its effect, it is powerful and is capable of calming a Niagara of contortion. It will draw love from hate, and sweetness from guile. It enriches the poor, enlightens the ignorant, elevates the lowly and dignifies the great. Without it the learned are illiterate. The sacred profane. The refined coarse and the great vulgar.

No man ever made a more complete study of this mystery of success than Irving Hall, and from no one does it reflect with a more brilliant satisfaction than a railroad conductor. By this su-

preme trait in his character, he soon began to enjoy an extensive acquaintance, and a host of friends.

The traffic on his train increased, and for each and every one he entertained that same even temperament that so distinguishes the traveling men of to-day, and makes them delightful companions, whether they walk the hotel corridors of our large cities or sit at the same festal board, are our companions in Maine or California. They partake of that whole-souled character which is as broad as the land through which they travel, as pure as the air they breath, and as brotherly as the great country they honor. No man can associate with our commercial traveler without feeling better, brighter, and more refreshed for an acquaintance that pleases and elevates.

No education to-day is so elegant and complete as that attained through travel. No mind so broad and free from prejudice of narrow limits, as the one whose associations has been among all classes whether that class be refined and learned or coarse and untutored. The exchange of ideas is the stimulation of intellect and no tonic is so healthful and invigorating to the mind of the student as that change of location that is now so rapid and so easily attained through our many modes of transportation.

Irving Hall had met those opportunities which comes to every man once if not oftener in life. It was now simply a question whether he was capable of controlling those stern, unshunnable decrees of destiny. It is true he had entered a school that was rigid cold and severe in its discipline, but whose precepts were wholesome, firm and fundamental, in the onward march of a great people. Would he be capable of grasping the advantages which sooner or later would be within his reach.

In walking through his train collecting cash fares or tickets, as the case might be, Conductor Hall did not look ahead of him to the right or to the left, to see who was watching or inspecting his work. The car might be full of spotters, that was immaterial to him, he knew his instructions, and like the valiant soldier at his post, must obey those orders, regardless of the consequences.

In sending in our inspection report it was just as necessary and essential to mention the rectitude and good conduct of the conductor and train hands, as it was for us to report the cash fares that had been collected. It is not correct to say that "Spotters" are pursuing conductors for the purpose of ruining their character, or to deprive them of their situation, or to belittle them in the eyes of their employers. Such remarks only emanate from men

who fear the light of discovery, guilty men, who think that all the dishonest acts which they have committed on these roads for months past, are to be brought up against them at once and, for which they will be condemned and discharged.

The surest sign of a man's guilt is fear. The surest sign of his innocence is fearlessness. To a detective of experience, timidity and fear on the part of the man whom it is his duty to shadow, is invariably a sign of guilt. It is nothing uncommon for my operatives to be "dropped to" by a conductor who in making himself over efficient and at the same time is constantly suspicious and fearful of being watched. I have seen conductors almost run wild. Become abusive, insulting and insolent. Follow my operatives to their hotels, inspect the hotel register, to see from what city they came, and even inquire of the clerk for how long they had engaged accommodations, and "tip them off" to other train hands.

This was one of the surest signs that the conductor feared detection for some conduct which was reprehensible. Of course his every action in this matter was carefully noted and fully reported. The operative had done him no harm, he was in his car as an agent of the road, the same as he was their conductor. Had he been a man who

had no fear of being "checked up," he would have shown my operative the same courtesy as he was instructed to show any other passenger, and it would have been mentioned to his credit in the inspection report.

Nor is it a correct notion to say that railroads entertain an antagonistic feeling to their conductors unless forced into it by the conniving acts of some avaricious and slothful man, who thinks it his duty to beat a corporation because it is big and he is small. Of course there may be exceptions to this statement as there are to all rules, but after an extensive experience of many years, I feel as if I know whereof I speak. Good men are as much needed by railroads as by banks, cities or states, and it is just as necessary for them to acknowledge and encourage, trust, probity and rectitude, as it is for them to reproach neglect, impudence or dishonesty.

## CHAPTER XIV.

After I had completed my labors of about three weeks in the far West, the account of which is given in the preceding chapter, the reader can imagine my surprise upon my return to Chicago, to be informed that Miss Alice Sherbrook had mysteriously disappeared from her home in Battle Creek, and that her bereaved parents were reaching out for assistance, solace and information from every hand.

The large and favorable acquaintance which Mr. Sherbrook, the father of the missing girl, enjoyed with the railroad men of Chicago, soon induced him to seek my assistance in determining the whereabouts of his only child. The reader will remember a former visit which my duty as a detective required me to make to this elegant home, where I became infatuated—if I may be pardoned for the remark—not only with Mr. Sherbrook's beautiful residence and its surroundings, but with this young lady who seemed such an attraction to all visitors passing that way.

There is no work connected with the life of a

detective that is so disliked, as that of entering into the privacy of any family relations. The idea of introducing a spy into a man's family is contrary to the spirit of our free institutions, hence, I never resort to such measures except in extreme cases. I felt justified, however, in believing that this was one of those cases out of which nothing could come but relief, honor and satisfaction. Beside there was a personal feeling and solicitude on my own part, born from the acquaintance and high personal regard, which I cherished for the welfare of such a family, who were the living ornaments of an exemplary home.

The Mr. Sherbrook who called at my office this day was the same man whom I had met at Battle Creek, but in many ways changed, with care and anxiety, which I believed to be the result of his daughter's mysterious disappearance. With the tenderest regard for the feelings of this honest and confiding old gentleman, I questioned him very closely in relation to the actions, appearance and general life of Miss Alice previous to her departure.

The actions of his daughter, Mr. Sherbrook said, were in every way proper and above reproach, and that the pleasure and joy of both parent and child were mutual to each other, until about two months before, since which time she seemed melancholy

and disheartened, and had lost that cheerful disposition which made her the light of their home. This caused me to inquire, though with every consideration of respect, if she had at any time previous to her departure, accepted or received the attentions of any gentleman to whom she might have confided her affections.

At this question Mr. Sherbrook hesitated, which indicated to me that I was approaching sacred ground. He said he supposed there was, the particulars of which were that for some months past, a young man who was a conductor on the Pullman palace cars, and whose name was Irving Hall, had attracted his daughter's attention, which courtesy he objected to, not that he considered the young man unworthy of his daughter's hand, but the roving life which men of his class were obliged to follow, together with the different characters they must meet and the associations they kept, caused him to believe that such respect toward his daughter was not sincere.

He said he did not forbid his daughter from keeping this young man's company, but cautioned her that such actions and affections might be unwise and misplaced, and if so, it would be on her alone the blow would fall. To this she seemed to pay no heed, and soon after Hall's service was

discontinued by the Pullman Car company, he then endeavored to reason with his daughter that his advice had been correct. All of which Mr. Sherbrook said was of no avail and he had no doubt but what her acquaintance and association with Hall had been the final cause of attracting his daughter into making the serious mistake of abandoning her parental roof.

After a conversation which lasted nearly two hours, I told Mr. Sherbrook I would interest myself in the case, but did not let him know anything of Hall's whereabouts, as it might cause him to take some hasty step in the matter which would result fatally to my success. It appeared to be a source of gratification that some one was to take the burden off his shoulders, and so assuring me of his hearty co-operation, left my office, as if broken down with grief at the fact that his daughter had made a mistake which she could never retrieve.

The settled impression of the world seems to be that the erring woman is always crushed under her own mistakes and the scorn of mankind, while the erring man goes free, favored by woman and admired by his own sex. Authors, preachers, poets and orators, unanimously express the opinion that woman once fallen from her high and noble pedestal is never allowed to rise, while man escapes all punishment for his similar sins.

This certainly is not true to the life of to-day. Take any community of ten thousand inhabitants and look closely into the lives of those people who form its "best society" and you will find women who have erred and lived down their errors, and men who have suffered for their sins.

No just and thinking person can reside ten years in a large city, or move about among people and not acknowledge the fallacy of the idea that one error bars a woman forever from association with respectable society. While he who has any faculty for inspiring confidence, or any ability to read human nature, must learn that men suffer far more for their sins than the world at large imagines.

This is woman's century; and in the light which it casts upon her pathway, she finds that she, as well as man, can progress up and out of error. It is undoubtedly more difficult for her to live down past folly than for her brother man, unless she is endowed with a certain dignity which belongs to the adventuress type of woman.

It is the mercenary and vicious woman who becomes most widely known to the world, and who most frequently poses as a victim of man's perfidy. But the one who really deserves our sympathies for having been blinded by her love and led into

sin bears her sorrow and shame in silence, and never appeals to the public for sympathy. In olden times such an error was supposed to end a woman's career forever; but, I repeat, if we investigate the lives of society people in any city to-day, we find among its ranks women who have lived down serious follies.

Out of the palace of love and peace they must often be led into the inquisition chamber of memory. When woman once loves, the recollection of past familiarities, however slight, with other lovers becomes a source of regret to her, how much keener must be this regret when memory brings past shame to view; for, to woman, love ever brings a desire of self-immolation and soul surrender impossible to the masculine nature. Alas for the woman between whom and this sacrament of surrender stands memory with an uplifted sword. This is the eternal punishment which she must suffer, however lenient and forgiving the world may be.

Woman has ever been man's teacher. For centuries she has taught him to believe that he must plunge into all sorts of excesses and immoralities to be attractive to her, and as reward he should take some spotless creature to wife, and if he reforms after marriage, he should be canon-

ized. But during the last century she has begun to teach him that self-restraint is quite as possible for him as for her; and slowly but surely is man coming to realize that he must not demand so much and give so little in the way of morals. Whatever the cynic may say to the contrary, a higher and broader idea of morality and justice is taking hold of the minds of men.

It is a strange fact that a woman who has retired from the lists of folly into the shelter of a respectable home is seldom molested by her former male comrades in sin; while the man who attempts to reform and become a loyal husband is almost invariably persecuted or tempted by the women who have participated in his past.

I never heard of but one man who was base enough to attempt to destroy the marital happiness of a reformed woman. She shot him dead, and the verdict was, "Served him right." But the cases are innumerable where women attempt to lure married men back to their old follies and to destroy the wife's peace. Certainly in this respect, the reformed woman has the easier time of it. Of course we must make the allowance for the woman having been wronged in the beginning; yet the girl who falls through blind love is not the one who revenges herself upon an innocent wife afterward.

It is rather the act of the balked adventuress, cheated of her golden prize.

There are scores of men to-day all about us who are being slowly tortured by the demand for hush money to hide some old sin—men who never open the morning paper without a chill of apprehension, and who never hear the door-bell ring without a quiver of the nerves. Men who seek political laurels can testify to my words. Yet those who know of the stain upon the honor of these men say: "Behold the injustice of the world, which metes out no punishment to erring man."

There are hundreds of men who suffer year after year the tortures of disease, conscious that they are reaping what they have sown. God is not so great a respecter of sex as the world at large supposes; and men are punished more frequently and thoroughly for their sins than is imagined by those who see only the surface of life.

There is a spiritual wave sweeping over the world, which will compel men to suffer more for their sins, just as there is a growing liberalism of thought which compels the public to give a woman a chance to live down her mistakes.

Slowly but surely the world is coming to the knowledge that there is no sex in sin, and that a universal standard of morality must be adopted for

men and women, and that the mantle of charity must be stretched out wide enough to cover the fallen woman as well as the fallen man.

## CHAPTER XV.

For the third time in my career as a detective, and all within the space of as many months, my services were sought for the purpose of shadowing the conduct of Irving Hall. In the vernacular phrase of a detective, my work in this case was to be what is known as "special work." My inspection of his service on a former occasion in connection with his duty as a railroad employe, was known as my regular work, but this time I was to do a special job, being out of the ordinary line of my regular routine duties as a railroad detective.

I saw no other alternative in connection with the work which was laid before me by Mr. Sherbrook, than to place a shadow on young Hall, and observe his daily habits, such as the company he kept, his hours with such company, together with the places he frequented, with that same close scrutiny with which I had inspected his official life. What is known as shadowing is one of the most ordinary of all employments of detective agencies. It is the following, watching, surmising and inspection of a person's every day life, reporting the daily call-

ings and belongings of certain suspicious individuals, for the benefit of a third person.

It will be remembered that the sudden disappearance of Miss Alice Sherbrook from Battle Creek was coincident with the promotion and transfer of Conductor Hall from his run through the Indian Territory to the Kansas City division, therefore it was prudent for us to surmise that if she had disappeared from her home in accordance with his knowledge she must be located somewhere on the road which was included in his trip.

I therefore selected for this work Mr. Charles Merrill, a very accomplished and polite young man, whose neatness and refined appearance, prudence, discretion and moderation in conversation was likely to win for him the quiet respect of any and all whom he met. My instructions to Mr. Merrill was to first go to Battle Creek, and there consult with Mr. Lansing, the efficient clerk of the Hotel Bryant, and ascertain from that gentleman anything that would be of interest to him in the investigation he was about to make, and inquire particularly regarding the relations that existed between Miss Lansing and Miss Sherbrook previous to her departure from that city, and to learn if possible if any correspondence had passed between Miss Sherbrook and Irving Hall, before her departure.

Upon receiving my instructions, Mr. Merrill departed for Battle Creek, and on arriving there, registered as a guest at the Bryant. After some little time he fell into a casual conversation with Mr. Lansing regarding the late episode in the Sherbrook family, and the mysterious disappearance of the young lady, who had been such a close companion and confidential friend of Mr. Lansing's sister.

My operative found that gentleman quite willing to express himself on the late act of indiscretion of this accomplished young lady, in departing from a home that a princess might have envied. He seemed to know nothing, however, about the motives that caused her to follow such a course, and he further said that his sister was as ignorant in the matter as himself, and that, although the two young ladies had made frequent confidants of each other in many private affairs for several years, he firmly believed that Miss Sherbrook never breathed to his sister one word regarding her intended disappearance, or the reason why she had taken such an unwise step.

After the conversation had exhausted itself and my operative was to about to depart, it occurred to him to inquire of the obliging and courteous young man if he was aware of any other gentleman

who had ever sought to gain the affections of Miss Sherbrook. After thinking for a while, Mr. Lansing replied that he did not, unless it might be a Mr. Joyce, who came to town frequently and stopped at the Bryant House, and was on visiting terms with the Sherbrook family. He believed he had heard his sister remark that Miss Sherbrook's parents were very courteous and endeavored to cultivate the affections of that gentleman in the mind of their daughter, but that he was certain they did so greatly to her displeasure.

Mr. Lansing further remarked that he did not consider Miss Sherbrook of a mercenary disposition, or a young lady that would be apt to sell her affections to the highest bidder; that being reared in comfort and substantial luxury he did not consider that she had experienced enough of the severity and needs of life to cause her to accede to wealth, that longing and desire that so many young ladies of the present day are apt to yield to.

This information placed my operative in an uncertain attitude regarding what course to follow. Had Miss Sherbrook left her home to avoid an alliance with a man she could not love, or had she gone to cast her fortunes in searching for one to whom she had vowed an affection that would be lasting and endearing? This was one of those prob-

lems of a woman's heart that the courage, ability or sagacity of my detective was incapable of unraveling.

Detective Merrill, however, in accordance with my instructions, did not remain any longer than he thought would be sufficient to make necessary inquiries that would give him an intelligent understanding of the condition of affairs in the community where this young lady was best known, and on the following day took his departure for Kansas City, where he was to shadow Irving Hall until such time as I deemed it expedient to withdraw his services from that locality.

Arriving in that city on the following day, Merrill watched for the arrival of the afternoon express from the West, which was under the management of Conductor Hall, and was rewarded for his vigilance about six o'clock that evening when the iron horse came snorting and puffing into the union depot on the Missouri side, having in tow one mail, one express and five passenger cars.

After Conductor Hall had seen his passengers carefully waited on, he repaired to the office of General Ticket Agent, Mansfield, where he rendered a complete report of his trip. This concluded his duties for the day, after which he went to the Hotel Thorne, closely shadowed by Merrill.

During the evening Hall remained in the waiting room until eight o'clock, when he strolled out upon the street, closely followed by Merrill. The promenade which the conductor and his shadow took was up and down through the various thoroughfares of that city upon the hills. Many of the fine buildings and hotels were passed, but nowhere during this evening's walk, could Merrill detect a meeting with anyone that would lend suspicion to the case that he was bent on solving, and before ten o'clock, Conductor Hall was sound asleep in his room on the fifth floor of this elegant hotel.

At eight o'clock next morning the western bound express left Kansas City for Topeka, under the management of its energetic young conductor, closely watched by the detective. At every station along the route, Merrill would succeed in getting out on the platform with the view of observing if any young lady was waiting there for the purpose of conversing with the conductor, but nowhere between these two cities did my operative see anything that would confirm his suspicion.

The city of Topeka is built on the Kansas river, the capital of that state, and is entirely an agricultural and railroad town. It is one of the principal divisions of the Atchinson, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad, whose large shops and office buildings are

equalled by but few in the country. The new state house which is in course of construction, bids fair to rival anything of its kind in the United States.

Merrill shadowed Hall as much as it was possible for him to do while lying over in Topeka, but as that gentleman was to start back east, so as to complete his round trip that day, there was but little opportunity for the detective to keep him under close surveillance, because of spending much of his time in the Rock Island ticket office, except when he went to dinner in the Hotel Clough, where my operative sat at the adjoining table in the dining room, but could see nothing of an unusual character that he could mention in his reports regarding the conductor's conduct.

While on his return trip to Kansas City that afternoon, quite a little episode occurred between Conductor Hall and a man from Wichita, which attracted much attention among the passengers of the express train. While collecting his tickets he came to a passenger who offered him what is known as a "Bulletined Ticket." It was a mileage book that had been bought at one of the stations some months before, and it became known to the Rock Island company, through my operatives, that this book was being used by different persons from the one whose signature was on the cover, which was

contrary to the terms of the contract; whereupon the company made out what is known as a bulletin, which was sent to each conductor on the different divisions, ordering them to watch for a ticket bearing a certain form and number, and when it was presented to them by any passenger for transportation, it should be taken up by the conductor to whom it was offered and the passenger requested to pay full fare for his accommodation.

As it has always been a disputed question between the railroads and the public whether their actions were legal in restraining the use of mileage books to the purchaser only, the passenger objected to Conductor Hall's action, but the conductor relieved himself from all responsibility by producing the type-written bulletin which was posted for public inspection in a conspicuous place in the car. Hall told the passengers that as a conductor he was simply acting as the company's agent, and hoped there was nothing personal in their feelings in the matter.

This strict attention to duty, and the gentlemanly bearing with which it was discharged, operated as a valuable precedent in determining Hall's fate in the future success he was to enjoy.

## CHAPTER XVI.

After giving Detective Merrill all necessary instructions to keep a close shadow on young Hall, I was ordered by the Illinois Central road to check up their trains running south between Chicago and New Orleans, and after I had selected my regular number of assistants, I added to my force two colored operatives, one a man and the other a woman.

This I was obliged to do for the reason that when we passed Grand Junction, which is near the boundary line between Mississippi and Tennessee, the travel is largely made up of the colored population, which have special cars of their own. Owing to the limited means of this class, it is known by the conductors on these roads that the negro travels but a short distance at a time, and I therefore determined to put on a man and woman who were husband and wife, so as one could relieve the other after short intervals, without it being known that they both followed the same line of business.

The Illinois Central road is one of those trans-continental highways which unite the South and

the West, whose history is interwoven in the early life of those two great sections of our country. Its wealth extends into the hundreds of millions, much of which is held by the banking houses of London, Paris, Berlin and Antwerp. Operating nearly three thousand miles of road, it employs over four hundred conductors, and is without doubt one of the best-managed and thoroughly equipped systems that connects us with the Gulf of Mexico and the Islands of Cuba.

An extensive land grant the first of its kind in the history of the railroad building of this country, consisting of millions of acres, by the State of Illinois was the nucleus from which this great system first originated. The engineering of this grant through the Illinois legislature was accomplished by the combined efforts of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass, and it has been said was the only subject which these two great men ever agreed upon in common during their eventful lives.

The money realized from the sale of this land aggregated an enormous amount which enabled the road to make gigantic strides not only through the state of Illinois, but through Missouri, Indiana, Kentucky, Arkansas and Louisiana, to the tide waters of the Gulf. So rich and fertile was the

land included in this grant, that I do not hesitate to say that nowhere on the globe can a farming country be found that excels it in fruitful productiveness, and strange to say, this gift marked a period from which commenced the greatness and glory of this illustrious commonwealth.

After spending several days checking up the suburban trains running out of Chicago, we took each conductor in turn until we reached Jackson, Tennessee, where I ordered Mr. and Mrs. George Cason, my two colored operatives, to join our party and travel together in the colored car, in order to throw off suspicion as I was aware that if it should be discovered by the conductors that a colored man was following them as a detective, the result might be very serious.

There is no class of my service that shows more satisfactory result than that which I entrust to lady operatives. They are the last class of people that are ever suspected by men as being detectives, and whenever I have a difficult piece of work—such as a leary and suspicious conductor to test—I invariably give the case to a lady, or ask my operative to take his wife with him, as they help each other and work together, and in this way I have succeeded in accomplishing some of the most difficult tasks in my whole range of duties as a railroad detective.

From Jackson we took the midnight express to Holly Springs, Mississippi, where the three operatives who assisted me on the Rock Island and myself, together with Mr. and Mrs. Cason, met at the Springs hotel and compared notes for the past three days. We found matters in a very loose condition. During the time covered by our reports, we found nearly two hundred cash fares had been collected, amounting to over eight hundred dollars, and for which no cash fare receipts had been issued by the conductor. This was *prima facie* evidence that the company was being deeply swindled.

After spending another week checking up the road from Granada to Memphis and thence to Baton Rouge, the work progressed very satisfactorily—the combination was perfect—and I entertained the highest hopes of the complete success we were having without attracting the slightest suspicion, until a very unnecessary and unwarranted mistake occurred on the part of the officials, and contrary to my instructions, which came near working havoc and disaster to the company and my operatives.

It is my usual custom when handling a company of operatives on the road to keep their reports of the different runs collected together until the job

is completed, and not let anyone even my clients know what is the result of my investigation until I have returned to my office and left the work entirely. I do this for the purpose of protecting my detectives and preventing any chance of suspicion getting out among the employes of the company, from whom it might be intimated to the conductors we were inspecting.

Contrary to my usual rule, however, and while in the office of the general passenger agent at New Orleans, I turned over to that official my reports which had been completed up to date, with the request that they should be transferred to the special agent, and at the same time saying I would turn over the balance as soon as completed. I had commenced to get fearful lest something might happen to my valise, where I found it necessary to carry my papers, owing to the large amount that was accumulating on my hands, and so turned them over to the officials that I might be relieved of the responsibility.

Of course I had no idea but what the strictest secrecy would be maintained, and my confidence in no way taken advantage of. I had about two weeks work yet to do that would take us back to Chicago, where I would deliver to my clients a prompt and complete digest of the service rendered by every

conductor on this great system, after which my duty was complete, and they could act upon it as they saw fit.

The reader can imagine my unlimited indignation when on the following day over forty of the conductors whom we had checked up were peremptorily discharged by the company. The news of their dismissal had been telegraphed all over the country, the leading evening papers in New Orleans appeared that afternoon with flashing headlines such as "SPOTTERS AT WORK," "FORTY CONDUCTORS DISCHARGED BY THE I. C.," "STEALING TOO MANY FARES," and "MORE DISMISSALS EXPECTED, etc.," etc., which was followed by long written accounts of the different men who had been discharged and of the divisions on which they were employed.

The news boys were shouting it at every street corner. Groups of railroad men could be seen gathered about the depots and freight yards, discussing the situation, and threats of the wildest vengeance were vowed against my operatives and myself as if we were murderers, incendiaries or thieves, and I firmly believe that had our identity become known at that time, when the excitement was running so high, a mob with all its fearful consequences would have swept through that city before the appearance of another day.

I was not long in determining what course we should take, and at once began to secretly notify my detectives accordingly, as they reached the city on the different trains, that we must seek a cooler climate. Mr. and Mrs. Cason had received all necessary notifications of this fact before they reached the city, by the conversation they overheard between the train hands in the car which they occupied, and when the train slacked up at the union station, instead of coming out on the platform where all are supposed to land, they stepped off the rear side of the car, and in a short time were behind a lot of engine houses and water tanks, on their way to some remote street in the city for accommodation with colored friends whose address he had furnished me.

I was determined not to leave the city without notifying this operative and his wife, and so in company with Clark and Green sought out the house where Mr. and Mrs. Cason were stopping, and upon going there, inquired of the landlady if a gentleman and lady of that name had recently come there; upon being answered in the affirmative, I informed Mrs. Kendal, the landlady, that I wished to see these two guests, whereupon she went up-stairs and notified them that there were a number of men downstairs that wanted to see them.

Nearly overcome with fear before reaching the house at the threats of lynching and hanging which they had heard between the train hands on the car, Cason had gone up-stairs, and after locking the door of his room, began to congratulate himself that he was safely secreted from any danger. But the sudden rap on the door startled him, and upon being notified that he was wanted downstairs by a number of strange looking men, did not wait to inquire who they were or how they looked, but opened a window and jumped out headlong upon the roof of a small hen coop, which suddenly gave way, leaving him in the midst of a lot of screeching and fluttering poultry.

The noise outside at once attracted my attention, but Mrs. Kendal, the landlady, who could not imagine what on earth was the matter, came down and looking at us in a half dazed and bewildered manner, shot past toward the back door, muttering something which sounded like "My God, my hen-coop."

Not fully aware of what had taken place, Clark went up-stairs to notify Cason, but much to his surprise found the door open and the woman lying in a swoon with the window of her room up. Looking out he saw Mrs. Kendal belaboring Cason out of her hen house, and at the top of her voice

demanding him to pay damages for her dilapidated coop. Clark, seeing the danger which his brother operative had got into, told him to get out of there or he might bring disgrace on the profession.

The noise about the house at this time had got to be so high above the ordinary that my own nerves began to quiver, and I felt the threats of hanging and lynching were in the air. Getting up I went to the door and saw the neighbors were beginning to arrive, attracted no doubt by the crashing in of the hen house, and the landlady's eloquence that had reached such a high key; going to the rear from where all the alarm had been sounded, I met Cason bareheaded, and asked him what under heaven he had been doing.

The only answer I received was, "Have you seen the news in the papers?" By this time I began to get out of patience and told Cason that I was fully informed of the situation, and had come for him and his wife to go with us, but the landlady objected, saying that we would have to pay her for damages. This request of course was fully complied with, and while Cason went up-stairs to get his wife ready for their escape, Clark settled the damages with Mrs. Kendal, after which she went into the house to lie down on a lounge and try to compose herself from the terrible shock her



Colored operative Carson gets into trouble.



system had endured. I left her in the care of kind friends who were bathing her hands and feet in their efforts to quiet her.

The limited express which left New Orleans at eleven o'clock that night took my operatives and myself as passengers, and after a continuous run of thirty-six hours, we landed in Chicago, where we received the highest compliments from the president of the Illinois Central road, for the thorough and efficient service we had rendered to his company, and after a few weeks had elapsed, we covered the remaining territory and made a complete inspection of the system.

## CHAPTER XVII.

Detective Merrill, whom I had instructed to shadow Irving Hall, had kept a close watch upon the actions and daily life of this young man, almost continuously for three weeks, night and day, but had made no discoveries that would warrant me in suspecting that he had in any way allured this young lady, Miss Alice Sherbrook, from her home. I reasoned the case out to myself that if she had taken this unwise course through a command of her affections, she did so for the purpose of being in his company, and as Merrill had at no time seen Hall even conversing with a young lady that would answer Miss Sherbrook's descriptions, it was conclusive evidence, I reasoned, that Hall knew nothing of her mysterious disappearance.

But I was prompted to request Merrill to leave the scenes of his present operations and go down on the Rock Island road, through the Indian Territory, where Hall had been engaged about the time of this young lady's disappearance. My instructions to the detective were not to spend too much time on this trip, as it was a serious ques-

tion in my mind whether there could be anything accomplished in looking for Miss Sherbrook in a locality where there was no inducement for her to remain.

In compliance with my request, Merrill visited the various stations along the line of the recently constructed division of the Rock Island road, from Ninnekah west, where Conductor Hall's first duties began, and after making many inquiries for several days, reached the little town of Terrel, where the landlady at a hotel in that place informed him that a young woman giving the name of Anna Stirling, and answering the description of Alice Sherbrook, had called at that house about two months before.

I am very skeptical about giving credence to information of this character, as there are so many people can remember seeing so many things if you'll only tell them what you want. I have found it invariably the case that if an operative starts out to make a general inquiry about anybody, he'll not have to go far before he will run across some one who has seen a person answering to their description. This was my reason for not placing much confidence in what Merrill had learned from the hotel landlady.

Beside Merrill informed me that he found it

*Detective 18*

somewhat difficult to get people to believe in his narrative of the affair, because it looked too much like a love story, spun from the brain of some aspiring novelist, instead of a bona fide statement of an actual occurrence, and I have found in my own experience in making inquiries on such subjects that the information I could secure would often be very unsatisfactory.

It has got to be a common thing with those who have outlived the desires of early manhood, or who have been brought up in the courtly experience of fashionable life, to make light of love stories, such as that immortalized by the beautiful Evangeline, and treat the romances of affection and friendship as mere fiction with which to while away an idle hour with a companion or friend. But my observations of human affairs have obliged me to think differently, there maybe some men who have given up their mind and thoughts so far to other things that the finer qualities of the human heart can not be recognized on the surface. But it is not so with woman, she can not mix in the gay recklessness of dissipated life. She cannot move around in society with the same freedom as we find in our club houses, hotels, and race-courses, with which man drives dull care away.

I do not think I am exaggerating when I say that

disappointed love has led many a good young girl to make mistakes during her early years, that served to blight her noble womanhood and prevent her from occupying the position in life that would have made her a queen of her class. But in Miss Sherbrook's case it was entirely different. It did not appear to be a case of injured affections, but more of a desire to be romantic, to travel from place to place, as her gallant young conductor was doing, and her friends who knew her intimately bespoke for her a bright and honored future after she would see the childishness of her actions.

Upon Merrill's return, I instructed him to approach Irving Hall, and after engaging him in a conversation, to introduce a subject which would include a general conversation regarding Battle Creek, and its surroundings and in a casual, off-hand way, let drop a remark that would be to the effect that a strange disappearance had occurred in that city a short time since, which was believed by many to be either a murder or a kidnaping affair, and connect this statement with Alice Sherbrook's name. This might have the effect of making known to us what was the character of Conductor Hall's affections for this young lady, and in this way, perhaps, we could learn something about a mystery that seemed to baffle the most consummate skill.

If this young lady had disappeared from her home through her affections for Irving Hall, it was very evident that there must be an understanding between them, or she would make known to her parents something of her whereabouts. In case neither one of these things occurred, there was no doubt in my mind but what there had been foul play used in getting her out of the way. Of course, the latter conclusion had never received serious consideration from me, for the reason she had not an enemy in the world, and was universally respected, and had always kept the best of company, and with the exception of a love affair, which she was supposed to be a party to, had not an acquaintance outside of Mr. Joyce and her immediate friends.

It must be said in justice to the latter gentleman, that during this unpleasant episode which was bound more or less to bring his name before the public, he showed the most generous consideration to the kind and bereaved parents, who had always entertained a feeling of solicitude for him, and the future of their daughter, and at no time during the long weeks which intervened, did he withhold any assistance or advice that might be worthy of the consideration of the grief stricken parents of Alice Sherbrook.

It was in the waiting-room of the hotel Thorne, in Kansas City while discussing with a party of friends one evening, regarding a probable strike that was threatened on the different railroad systems, that Detective Merrill succeeded in forming an acquaintance in a casual way with the young conductor of the gilt-edge express.

In this conversation, which lasted during the entire evening, the two gentlemen conversed very sociably upon all the current topics, and Merrill found young Hall one of those men who are always ready to improve their mind upon any subject, no matter how deep. He seemed to enjoy delving into the artesian depths and drawing therefrom the refreshing draughts of English undefiled.

After Merrill felt that he had worked into the graces of young Hall to a sufficient degree, he inquired how he liked the position of conductor; to which Hall replied that he believed if any man was so thoroughly equipped as to be capable of conducting a train of cars, he had passed through a school that was complete enough to fit him for any position in the United States, from the President down. He said he was commencing to like it, however, as it gave him a strong hold upon himself and compelled him to realize the fact that he possessed more ability than he had ever suspected.

Merrill inquired if he had any preference for any particular part of the country; to which Hall said that he had been a conductor on other roads, but that the same perplexities were found in one place as well as another, and that he could not see as the difference amounted to much, although he believed he would rather travel between Chicago and New York. At this remark the detective said that he had never been any farther east of Chicago than Battle Creek, Michigan, in which place he was quite well acquainted.

As Merrill uttered the last few words in this conversation, he looked closely at Hall, to see if the remark made any change in his countenance, or if by introducing the name of a city in which he could not fail but be interested, did in any way touch the memory that should be pleasant to the conductor.

No discernable emotion flitted across the countenance of the suspected man as Merrill introduced the name of a place which was of absorbing interest to many people that were linking his name with the disappearance of the young lady, and the casual remark, "I passed through that town many times while a conductor on the Grand Trunk, but never visited the city in any other capacity," was all the attention which Merrill could secure from

Hall upon this important subject, and the indifference with which Hall treated any further reference to the name of Battle Creek would have eliminated it from their conversation had not Merrill persistently continued by saying: "That is the city, you know, where that mysterious murder or kidnaping affair took place which resulted in the disappearance of Miss Alice Sherbrook."

As the last words fell from the lips of the detective, the naturally cold demeanor of the conductor flashed as if some sudden calamity had been thrust upon him. "Alice Sherbrook," he ejaculated, "do you mean the daughter of the large manufacturer of that place?"

"Yes," replied the detective, "she mysteriously disappeared some weeks ago."

"Good heavens," said he, "that accounts for it."

And springing to his feet, he began nervously walking the floor. After a few moments' silence, he again began conversing with the detective.

"How did you hear about it?" he inquired.

"While there on business, a short time ago."

And did you learn any of the particulars in the case?"

"Yes," smilingly replied my operative, "it has been hinted that it is a love affair, and that she has gone down in the Indian Territory, to be mar-

ried to a young conductor that she was engaged to."

As my operative concluded this remark, Hall stood for a moment viewing him with a countenance that was radiant with excitement, and bidding Merrill good night, retired to his room, and was not seen again that evening.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

Promptly at seven o'clock the following morning Conductor Irving Hall arose from the breakfast table in the hotel Thorne, with tightly drawn features, puffed eyes and pallid face, showing that refreshing slumbers had not sweetened his night's rest. In the human heart there is a species of discontent and a desire to satisfy it. It is found in every breast and lingers at the confines of the happiest hour. The startling information of the disappearance of Miss Alice Sherbrook imparted to him by my operative the night before was news he was not prepared to hear, and it was very evident from the manner in which he received the shock that his knowledge of this young lady's whereabouts was as great a mystery to him as it was to us.

Upon reading the report of Detective Merrill in my office in Chicago the following morning, I commenced to look with dismay at the want of success which my every effort met in our endeavor to solve the enigma of the disappearance of this young lady. But such is the life of a detective, groping

in the dark, lead blind, grasping at straws, seeking to penetrate the impenetrable, until perseverance becomes a virtue. It is not their province to call off the chase, but to work on, struggle, plan and inquire, until something definite is reached. No man works harder for the accomplishment of good, with but the faintest hopes of reward, and I can testify in my own experience of honest, noble men, enduring the most trying privations endeavoring to restore that which is lost, and to replace that which has been destroyed, only to be repaid with criticism that would have been unworthy of the destroyer.

The surprise which Irving Hall had received the night before was only the beginning of a number of strange coincidences which were to come his way very shortly. For upon going to the union depot on the following morning, he found a general strike had been declared at a meeting of the workmen the night before, which practically paralyzed all railroad traffic, and left it impossible for the gilt-edge express to go out that mornnig on its regular run to Topeka. But young Hall had no grievance against his employer which it would require a strike to settle; during his leisure hours he had improved his mind to such an extent that he felt confident that, should his services be dispensed with by this

great railroad system, with such a combination of superior talent and energy at his command, he would be able to shape the destiny of his future which meant the survival of the fittest.

And no better solution for this perplexed question of labor could be arrived at than the example young Hall's life afforded. He had spent his leisure hours in preparing for a future that would be radiant with hope by cultivating the courtesy of friends, a strict integrity to duty, and a thoughtful consideration of his savings and resources, that would be employed in an opportune moment and a time of need. For every citizen has the right to decide whether he will labor or not, to choose the capacity in which he will be employed, and the terms upon which he will work.

Theoretically speaking, the masses of our people are as much under the necessity of compulsory daily toil as if they were slaves. They are compelled by self preservation, by love of wife and children, to accept wages they do not fix in avocations they do not select. Starvation or dependence is the repulsive alternative presented to a large and greater part of the human race.

The tendencies of the American people are toward mastery and not toward servitude. Self-respecting men and women do many things for them-

selves that they could not do for others without humiliation. The farmer cultivating the acres he owns, the fisherman in his craft on the deep, the miner on his claim in the mountain gulch, the artist at his easel, the sculptor at his block, the savage in the chase, follow pursuits that uplift and dignify. Literature and art have idealized labor and the toiler, but the halo belongs only to that labor which is voluntary, and of which the laborer receives the entire product.

Liberty is something more than a name. He who depends upon the will of another for shelter, clothing and food cannot be a free man in the broad, full meaning of the word. Freedom does not consist in definition. The declaration that life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness are the inalienable rights of every human being, makes no man independent. Freedom is not merely the removal of legal restraint, the permission to come or go. The inequality of fortunes and the obvious injustice of the unequal distribution of wealth among men have been the perplexity of philosophers. It is the unsolved enigma of political economy. So long as such conditions continue, the key to the cipher in which destiny is written is not revealed—the brotherhood of man is a phrase; justice is a formula, and the divine code is illegible, says a great statesman.

We have always had subordinate races to dig and delve for us, and when these did not suffice, we have subjugated nature and chained her reluctant and intractable energies, falling waters, winds, steam and electricity, making them our errand-boys, torch-bearers, beasts of burden and bondsmen. These manacled giants, once subdued, feel neither fatigue nor hunger. They belong to no trades unions, stop when ordered, never strike for higher wages nor organize new factions. These machines, with skeletons of iron, sinews of steel and breath of fire, are the servants of the rich and not of the poor. Their masters must have wealth to build the structures and construct the machines and engines through which one man can control docile, conscienceless and irresponsible power which armies could not exert.

Conductor Hall saw to enter a contest with such combinations of strength, wealth and power required intelligence, skill and ambition that reached up and beyond present trifles that are ever opening and developing ripe and matured for the fine Italian hand which must be ready to bid for a bribe that will be a literal companion to him, help and assist him in the accomplishment of great things in the future as well as the present. With that keen, observing eye, which has piloted the destiny to har-

bors of safety for so many of our leaders of to-day. Hall's time was spent in studying and planning for that course instead of bickering, quarrelling and contending with corporations that have no soul and never die.

And when the day comes that the American laborer looks more to securing for himself a reliable independence that will shelter him through the reverses of fortune, instead of grudging, organizing and combining to wrestle with the great Gladiators that will keep him exhausted if not overpowered, that day will mark an era which will banish discontent and silence oppression.

No eye pierces with such penetration, searching for such talent and assistance as the powerful corporations and masters without the assistance of which their positions are insecure and their liberty a farce. It is not an uncommon thing for us to hear that we are overrun with labor, yet there are thousands of positions throughout the country to-day, that are waiting for an occupant who has the intelligence, ability, and integrity of a master, to control its future, for whom great results are in store. "This world is what we make it," is a proverb of the ancients, and in a land as broad as ours, there are innumerable examples of laboring men who have commenced from nothing and by

that energy, pre-severance and intelligence, have left behind footprints that should not be lost.

Great strikes are like the revolutions of the seasons, that bring about new conditions, changes the course of many events and cause many theories to rise and many positions to open. The forced idleness of a large class of railroad operatives as might be expected was no exception to the general rule. It required the cutting down of expenses, the retrenchment of burdens and the extending of the duties of other officials on several of the great systems included in the movements.

On the second day after hearing the news which so touched and distracted him, regarding the disappearance of Miss Alice Sherbrook, Irving Hall was summoned to the office of Mr. James Waterman, the division superintendent of the road, upon which he was engaged and informed that they would be obliged to discontinue for the present the running of the gilt-edge express from Kansas City to Topeka, and his sphere of labor would be changed from that of a conductor to an assistant in his office. This step was deemed advisable by Mr. Waterman, who saw the necessity of an additional assistant caused by the extra duties that had been thrust upon him by the company in placing under his charge several new branches

which had been built from adjacent towns to connect with his division from Kansas City, west.

## CHAPTER XIX.

My usual course of action when perplexing difficulties arise which prevent me from establishing a clew that will result in overtaking the individual for whom I am searching, is to send out what is known in detective service as a drag net, which is so far reaching in its operations that it includes every State and Territory in the union, and from which it is almost impossible at the present day for any one, whether man or woman, to escape from being detected through its sweeping character.

This form of detection is carried on by communicating with all police officers sheriffs and detective-agencies throughout the country supplying them with a photograph and description of the person wanted, offering a liberal recompense for services rendered, if such service will in any way lead to the apprehension, finding or detecting of the person we are searching for. In this particular case, I deemed it advisable, as much time had elapsed since the disappearance of this young lady, to make the search very thorough, especially around the

large cities, and so sent out over three thousand letters to all the officers in authority in ten Western States.

So prompt and thorough is this mode of proceeding at the present time that the first week after I had put this drag net at work I received over one hundred and fifty letters from as many different places, some stating that they believed they could give me the information I desired. While others stated that they would keep a close shadow on the young lady, whom they believed I was in search of, while two officers had went so far as to place two suspicious young ladies under arrest, awaiting my arrival and identification. As I was not instructed under any consideration to arrest or in any other way apprehend Alice Sherbrook, I sent out immediate directions to release the suspected prisoners, and simply inform me of their antecedents.

So convinced was each officer in his belief of having detected the right party, that it made it all the more difficult for me to decide what course I should pursue. To some I gave great credence and believed there was plausible reason for considering their information, while to others I could give no credence, owing to the style of dress they informed me their suspects wore, and which I knew

Miss Sherbrook had not taken with her from home. To all parties I sent out letters informing them of my conclusion and the reason that I had in arriving at the decision.

Among these letters which I received was one from Chief of Police, Braddon, of St. Joseph, Missouri, informing me that a young lady came to that city some six weeks before, who had every appearance of refined and cultured antecedents, being comfortably supplied with money, clothing, and other belongings of her sex, and entered a convent of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd, under the name of Anna Stirling, and that the Mother Superior of that convent was very anxious to know her previous history. Chief Braddon further informed me that there was an air of suspicion attached to the young lady, who had been seen weeping a number of times, and that the reverend lady in charge there decided that it would be proper to notify the authorities of all the facts, that it might relieve the convent from any future responsibility which might arise in the case.

As there is always something curious and attractive hanging about the mysteries of a convent that claim the attention of my own sex, I felt quite interested to know something about this young woman who had placed herself under self banish-

ment as it were. I instructed Chief Braddon to make further inquiries, and courteously inform Miss Stirling that her parents at Battle Creek would be pleased to learn her opinion of convent life. As I was aware that such a blunt statement coming from the lips of the chief of police to a young lady in Miss Stirling's position would very soon have its effect and cause her countenance to show whether the name of that city had any interest for her or not.

I had not long to wait for the result, for upon entering my office in Chicago the following morning, I found waiting me a despatch from my friend Chief Braddon, informing me that the young lady had been approached in the manner which I directed, and had given way to tears so violently that there was no doubt but what she was the missing person we were seeking for.

The promptness with which I had accomplished my investigation from this extensive inquiry, relieved me of an embarrassing position in which I had been placed for a number of weeks, and after duly notifying the parents of this young lady, I felt disposed to withdraw from the case which I must confess had greatly fatigued and annoyed me. My instructions to the worthy official in St. Joseph was to take no further action in the matter until

the arrival of her parents which would probably be in a few days.

During the following winter I became engaged in a number of important investigations in connection with the great Rock Island railroad which brought me into very pleasant relations with Assistant Superintendent Hall, of the Kansas City division, and my remembrances of him are pleasant. He always aimed to keep the service of the road at a high standard, and he insisted that the conductors whom he had in charge should give that strict integrity to business which he had endeavored to bestow while occupying that position.

He assisted my operatives to capture a number of outlaws who attempted to rob an express train near Centerville, and the persistence and bravery with which he faced these bandits showed him to be a man of consummate skill and ability. The news of his heroic conduct at this fearful encounter, where there was such great odds against him, was telegraphed broadcast over the land, and he soon became one of the most popular division superintendents in the far West.

As his name and bravery was being commented on far and wide, it came under the observation of a young lady who had never allowed his name to pass from her memory. The affection and love

which Miss Sherbrook cherished for a man of such worth and integrity was still retained with that tenderness and devotion of a woman's first and early love, and now for the first time in over a year she was informed through the newspapers of the correct address of Irving Hall, and instantly wrote him a letter which received a prompt and courteous reply, from the man who supposed the letters he had written her had never been received.

Miss Sherbrook acquiesced in the wishes of her parents and spent a winter in her St. Joe, home which she had chosen for herself believing it was the best course to pursue, considering all the circumstances, and when she returned to Battle Creek at the end of the year, she had as her escort Superintendent Hall, who was acting in that capacity in place of Mr. Waterman, who had accepted the position of President of the First National bank of Kansas City, and who was obliged to relinquish his railroad duties to a great extent and so placed Irving Hall in that responsible position.

It was not a great surprise to me during the holiday season of that winter to receive an invitation to be present at the celebration of the happy nuptials of Mr. Irving Hall and Miss Alice Sherbrook, which took place at the home of her parents in Battle Creek, where they spent a delight-

ful honeymoon. The happy couple took up their residence in Kansas City, and often laugh when they think of their father's pass.

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